

The Sketch

No. 1346.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



A NEW EAGLET: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS "L'AIGLON."

A good deal of water has flowed beneath the bridges of London since Rostand's poetic play, "L'Aiglon," was produced here, with Mme. Bernhardt as the Duke of Reichstadt; but "L'Aiglon" is a classic, and its production by Miss Marie Löhr in the English version by Mr. Louis N. Parker, at the matinée to be held on the 19th, at the

Globe Theatre, in aid of the King's Fund for Disabled Officers and Men of all the Forces, will assuredly attract a crowded house. Miss Löhr will have a part after her own heart in the picturesque personality and story of the young Duc, and there is sure to be vigour in Mr. Lyn Harding's study of Flambeau.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

MY PEACE TERMS.

SINCE it is now the fashion for everybody to draw up his list of peace terms, I may as well have a shot. Here they are—

- (1) PUBLIC EXECUTION OF THE KAISER IN HYDE PARK.
- (2) PUBLIC EXECUTION OF THE CROWN PRINCE IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.
- (3) PUBLIC EXECUTION OF LUDENDORFF IN BRUSSELS.
- (4) TIRPITZ TO BE MAROONED ON PUFFIN ISLAND.
- (5) HINDENBURG TO JOIN TIRPITZ.
- (6) THE BRITISH FORCES TO HOLD A GYMKHANA IN BERLIN.

Principal Events.

- (a) 200 yards Flat Race down Unter den Linden.
- (b) Marathon to Potsdam. Return as and when you please.
- (c) Exhibition of bomb-dropping by the R.A.F.
- (7) GRAND TOUR THROUGH GERMANY (all expenses paid by German Government) OF THE ENTIRE BRITISH ARMY.
- (8) REGATTA IN THE KIEL CANAL BY THE ROYAL NAVY.

Principal Event.

Walking the Greasy Pole by Tirpitz.

- (9) FOURTEEN DAYS UNLIMITED PICNIC IN ALSACE-LORRAINE (all expenses to be paid by the German Government) BY THE FRENCH ARMY.
- (10) GRAND TANK PROCESSION THROUGH RHINE TOWNS BY AMERICAN ARMY.
- (11) GERMAN OFFICERS CONVICTED OF ATROCITIES TO BE HANGED IN THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF BELGIUM, FRANCE, AND GREAT BRITAIN.

The Highest Honour.

I have at last earned the highest honour yet bestowed on any individual in this war. It is not a medal. It is not a dukedom, or a viscounty, or a peerage, or a baronetcy, or a knighthood. It is not the O.B.E. It is not promotion in rank. (This is a Second Loot's war all right.)

No. The honour I have gained has come to me through a little dialogue that appeared on this page. Two very intellectual ladies fling their preciousity to the winds and discuss cookery. One tells the other of a most gorgeous mess which can be made for very little money and without meat. A day or two ago came from the Far East the following

"DEAR CHICOT,—Enclosed cutting is from your 'Motley Notes' in *The Sketch* dated April 24, 1918. Is it a real recipe or a joke? I took it for the latter, and made some, and dished it up to the lads as 'Chikko, the Stuff the Arabs Thrive on.'

"It was made this way. Two pounds of boiled rice—borrowed from the Indians' rations—strained and cooled; six onions chopped up fine (bought from Arabs at (?) R.1 per kilo); two tins sardines

(also bought from Arabs for Rs.3—as 12) some grape vinegar, salt, a little curry instead of pepper, and six hard-boiled eggs chopped up. This mess was made fairly soft with tomato-sauce mixed with the rice, and the whole baked in a (?) deckshie lid.

"The result was Oliver Twistian; and as soon as more materials are available more—many more—'Chikko pies' will be made.

"Thanks for the recipe, whether you meant it as genuine or not.

"Enclosed local snaps may interest you." (They do.)

"Best wishes from the British ranks of this unit."

I am delighted to have been of some real use in the world at last.

New Thoughts About Influenza.

According to a doctor who writes for the stimulant Press, influenza is incurable. You may think you have finished with it, but you have not. You may remain quite well for ten years, or twenty years, or thirty years, or forty years. You may remain quite well, in point of fact, to the end of your days; but the influenza will still be with you. It will come out in your children, or your grandchildren, or your great-grandchildren, or your great-great-grandchildren.

The same doctor also told one how to avoid influenza—

- (1) Eat a large quantity of meat.
- (2) Drink plenty of excellent red wine.
- (3) Spend the whole day in the open air.
- (4) Keep large coal fires in all your rooms.
- (5) Be very cheerful about all your affairs.
- (6) Don't be afraid of catching the influenza.

How to Raise Money.

We have seen, during the course of this war, more devices for raising money than the imagination of man could have conceived without an incentive of colossal magnitude.

But the quaintest, quietest, and apparently most successful one-man method falls to the credit of Lord Knutsford. It is his Lordship's self-imposed job to raise £150,000 a year for the London Hospital, and he raised £20,000 of that in one second!

How did he do it? The plan was simple in the extreme. You yourself, friend the reader, can try it to-morrow. I do not advise you to try it, however, unless you need the money as badly as the London Hospital needed it. If you merely need it for yourself you will be very foolish to try it; the Fates, I feel sure, would be against you.

But the Fairies were with Lord Knutsford.

Not to keep you further in suspense, I will now reveal his secret.

He got run over by a motor lorry.

If you doubt my word, look at the *Times* for Feb. 11 of this year, and there you will find a letter which bears out my statement. "I have been run over by a motor-lorry," he writes, "which brought in £20,000, but is the sort of thing that cannot be done often."



"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT THE COURT THEATRE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS MARY GREY AS OLIVIA, MR. HERBERT WARING AS MALVOLIO, AND MISS MIGNON O'DOHERTY AS MARIA.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

SOCIETY LADIES AND THE WAR: SIX NEW PORTRAITS.



A TRANSPORT OFFICER OF THE ELSIE INGLIS UNIT: MISS FLORA PARKER.



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER: MISS ENID SILTZER.



WIFE OF A WOUNDED OFFICER: MRS. REGINALD SASSOON.



A HOSPITAL-WORKER: MISS ELSIE OPPENHEIMER.



THE FIRST LADY TO FLY IN IRELAND: MRS. GARRY.



AWARDED THE O.B.E.: MRS. SIDNEY PITT.

Miss Flora Parker, Third Transport Officer of the Elsie Inglis Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, is in charge of seven ambulances sent to carry Serbian wounded as they are brought from the firing-line.—Miss Enid Siltzer is the daughter of Captain Siltzer, who is in Italy as A.D.C. to the Earl of Cavan.—Mrs. Reginald Sassoon is the wife of Captain R. E. Sassoon, M.C., Irish Guards, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, and cousin of Sir Philip Sassoon. He has been

twice wounded.—Miss Elsie Oppenheimer is the daughter of Mr. Edward Oppenheimer, of Sefton Park, Stoke Poges, who is running diamond-cutting factories for disabled soldiers. Miss Oppenheimer has been working at the Coulter Hospital.—Mrs. Garry is the wife of Dr. Michael Garry, who is on the Irish War Pensions Committee. She was the first lady to fly in Ireland on an aeroplane, in 1910.—Mrs. Sidney Pitt was one of the first ladies to take a canteen to France.

Photograph No. 1, by Sarony; Nos. 2, 4, and 6, by Yevonde; Nos. 3 and 5, by Hugh Cecil.



Who's Won? When Mr. Lloyd George employed a secretary to get through on the private wire between Versailles and London something evidently went wrong. At any rate, somebody rang through to Downing Street and asked, "Who's won?" There was a certain amount of mystification, and the answer went back, "We have, of course." Immediately after this response came another wrong call asking who had won the Cambridgeshire!

In Bournemouth. There seems to be a great rush on Bournemouth at the present moment—for what particular reason it is difficult to say. Anyhow, Miss Fay Compton is spending most delightful week-ends down there on the sands and elsewhere; while Mme. Clara Butt is thoroughly enjoying herself without encores.



RAISED TO THE PEERAGE: MR. HAYES FISHER, WHO HAS RESIGNED THE PRESIDENCY OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Sir Guy. I suppose we ought to feel sorry for Rear-Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt, who, I am told, is going away from the "King's Navee" to contest a division in Derbyshire when the General Election comes on. He is certainly worth something better. A witty speaker with a strong American accent, Sir Guy ought to capture any British constituency at the moment.



WIFE OF THE HERO OF KUT, WHO HAS RETURNED HOME: LADY TOWNSHEND. General Townshend, who was released by the Turks to convey their request for an armistice, arrived in Paris on the 5th on his way to London.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Dance and Discretion.

Of course, we are all very pleased to see dances back as an item of national enjoyment. But, at the same time, I am rather inclined to think that the "controlled" dances are inclined to be, so far as they have come under my personal supervision, a little too official. The dancers have seemed to appear in red tape, and the men have distinctly worn an air of being under the supervision of an official time-keeper! I hope all this will change. Lady Clancarty gave a very successful dance at her flat in Cadogan Gardens, and I am sure the Overseas officers and their girl friends thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A literary friend of mine tells me that the room was bright with "Autumn Foliage." As a matter of fact, I thought the room was quite bright without the help of autumn at all.

An Oriental Countess.

After Sir Francis Lloyd had found that rest from work to which no Londoner will deny him his title there was bound to be a certain boom in dancing. Mental excitement is necessary. Why not dancing? Countess Hoey Stoker tells me that her big dance in Grosvenor Street was a big success. The Countess is rather upset at the moment because certain ill-informed people have described her as Japanese, whereas, as a matter of fact, she is a daughter of China, and is a descendant of the famous house of Count Vei Ham, a

great notability in the money market of the Far East. Before her latest marriage, Countess Hoey was Lady-in-Waiting to the late Dowager Empress of China. I asked her a little time ago what was her political position in regard to world politics. "I stand for Oriental authenticity," she replied. The answer may be enigmatic, but it is very comforting at the present time.

Descriptive! When I last saw Lady Lymelyghte she was immensely excited over the sudden peace which seemed to be impinging on us all.

It is only a few days ago that she gave a dress-rehearsal of mannequins in connection with a Dress Exhibition whose patrons are too numerous to mention. "If they are all like this we must win the war," said Lady Lymelyghte, regarding her army of mannequins. The remark is not entirely original, because the Duke of Wellington, when he saw a British soldier staring up at the statues in the park at Brussels, once happened to observe, "It all depends on him." But at the same time it proves that, at any rate, we have got a great faith in the rank and file.

Winter Tennis.

As there are few other war games to play, winter tennis appears to be quite popular at Queen's Club. Lady d'Abernon is quite an expert at the game, and is so prolific in strokes that we may perhaps regard her as a possible reply to Mr. Ben Tillet.

A Coster's Title.

The club looked quite itself—in fact, so much itself that one might almost have thought the war had been won instead of being almost won—when I looked in to see who were playing on the covered courts the other day. There was Miss Julia James—who, rumour tells us, gets so many messages that ought to be sent to Buckingham Palace—playing quite briskly. Everybody regretted the absence of Lady d'Abernon, who has now run away from Queen's to do some nursing in France. In the meantime, I am informed, her husband has told the British working man quite a number



ANOTHER RISE IN BEEF.

"While the islanders of St. Kilda were removing the debris of a cow-bye which had been struck by a German shell during the recent bombardment, a cow which had been imprisoned jumped clean over their heads."—*Daily Paper.*



"MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME."

"Housewives who do not burn their vegetable garbage and cinders should be sentenced to a day's cinder-sorting at the destruction works, suggests a Coal Control official."—*Daily Paper.*



OWNER OF ZINOVIA (WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE):

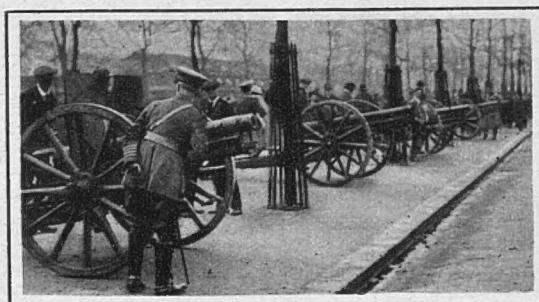
MR. MICHALINOS. Mr. Michalinos has given £1000 to found a "Zinovia" bed at the Rous Memorial Hospital, Newmarket.

Photograph by Sport and General.



AND HIS FRIENDS DIDN'T KNOW HIM!

"A West Ham policeman, referring to his disguise, said: 'I was made up as a respectable man.'—*Daily Paper.*



PLACED ON VIEW TEMPORARILY IN THE MALL: SOME OF THE 500 CAPTURED GERMAN GUNS BROUGHT AS TROPHIES TO LONDON.—[Photograph by I.N.A.]



WIFE OF THE ORGANISER OF THE INVALID CHILDREN MATINÉE: MRS. CHARLES COCHRAN. Mr. Charles Cochran, the well-known theatrical manager, organised a matinée at the Pavilion on November 12, in aid of the Invalid Children's Association.

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.

of things about his drinking habits which have taken him by surprise. As one of the Dockers' Union remarked last week to Mr. Ben Tillett in regard to Lord d'Abernon, " 'E's all right when yer know 'im, but yer got ter know 'im fust."

The Bond Street Bond.

Although the devastating dangers of peace are upon us all, quite a lot of attractive people have shown sufficient courage to remain in town. Lady Lister Kaye and Viscountess Curzon walked through Bond Street the other morning with a courage that suggested that no such thing as a "German armistice" was in prospect.

In the same street I met Lady Randolph Churchill, looking very pretty in a blue toque. After these auspicious recognitions in the King's Highway, one felt somehow that everything was right with the Old Empire—or would be right very soon.

A Naval Matinée.

I have just heard a word from the most modest man in England. Of course, you know his name. Well, the guess is simple. It's something between Jellicoe and French. But on this occasion I think Lord Jellicoe wins the biscuit, and he tells me that he has arranged a matinée in aid of the

British and Foreign Sailors' Society, at the Duke of York's Theatre, to-day, Nov. 13, and he hopes that all of us will be present. Lord Jellicoe, who happened to know how to fight the Battle of Jutland quite well and how to defeat a



GATHERING ARTICHOKES?

"Jerusalem was actually given over, not to General Allenby, but to a couple of regimental cooks who had been sent out to collect some salad for the officers of their company. To these two British Tommies the Arabs came out, with many gesticulations, and the keys of the most war-worn city in the world."—*Westminster Gazette*.

German Navy, is apparently quite at a loss as to how to gather together the most lucrative audience for his charity matinée. Now these are the simple little things in which we may become instructive so far as the great big men are concerned. Therefore, we will all turn up.

Painful—Very. "A German who fought on the Aisne Went out for a stroll in the raisne; But a bullet of lead got him plumb in the head, And he'll never see raisne fall agaisne."

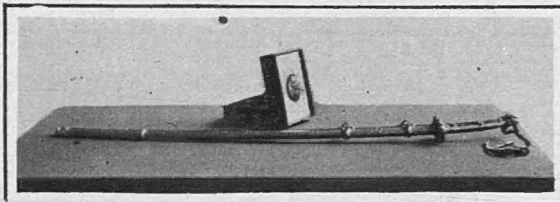


WITH A MECHANISM ENABLING LEAFLETS TO BE DROPPED AT INTERVALS OVER A WIDE AREA: PROPAGANDA BALLOONS BEING TESTED.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

A Matter of Figure. Quite a number of musical-comedy stars seem to think at the moment that they will make themselves happier in life by singing in Grand Opera. They are optimistic and ambitious young people, and, of course, I hope that all their wishes will be realised. However, José Collins is taking a course of lessons in Grand Opera, and her music mistress is enthusiastic about her voice-production; and Teddie Gerard, after a series of lessons under Mme. Novello Davies, has been

assured by her most candid friends that she will make a great success on the first occasion on which she appears in opera. It all seems very promising. At any rate, it will be a great relief to see an opera star declaiming the lines of Juliet with considerable passion. If we could only get some slim opera stars, quite a lot of us who have stayed away for a very long time might again patronise the opera.



PRESENTED TO THE KING BY ADMIRAL PRINCE YORIHITO OF HIGASHI FUSHIMI: THE SWORD AND BADGE OF A JAPANESE FIELD-MARSHAL.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

was on the occasion of the Kaiser's visit to King Edward, and the Emperor was making an inspection of one of our newest battleships. Admiral May was acting as guide. The Kaiser was continually putting questions to the men on duty as to their work or concerning some object at hand, and the answer invariably was, "I don't know, your Majesty."

Nobody Knew.

He received this same reply from a signalman whom he had questioned on some trivial point.

The baffled Kaiser turned with a smile to his guide and said, "You don't intend that I should learn much aboard this ship." Unthinkingly he replied, "I don't know, your Majesty." Then both laughed heartily; but the Emperor said to the King later on, "If your Navy can fight as well as it can keep its own counsel, it is invincible." The Imperial opinion is being proved now.

Town Topics at Tea.

I went to a tea-party the other afternoon, when all the burning problems of the moment were discussed to the tinkle of teaspoons and delicate china.

First, we had an animated debate on the great question as to whether or no Sonia, daughter of Mrs. George Keppel, is too tall. Then we discussed the pros and cons of Lady Joan Capell as an actress; and drifted easily from this to the most absorbing subject of the hour—the merits of Mrs. Vernon Castle as a dancer. Then we gossiped about a certain friend who has been reduced to such financial straits that she only employs one general servant. "But, believe me, that creature is the greatest little general in the world!" exclaimed our hostess. Just then a man walked into the room, and, hearing this remark, observed cheerfully, "Talking of Foch, eh? Yes, he is a wonder—what!" I think the tea-party thought this intrusion of mere war topics unmannerly.—**THE WORLDLING.**



BETHMANN-HOLLWEG: "AND WHEN I TELL THEM HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE, THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME!"

"Referring to the decision of the German Government to publish all documents on the outbreak of war, and the summons to Bethmann-Hollweg and Von Jagow to take part in the work, the *Berlin Boersen Zeitung* says that if they are allowed to publish documents uncontrolled, nobody is likely to believe in the publication."—*Exchange*.



TO BE PLACED IN THE PANTHEON. PARIS: A TRIBUTE FROM COMRADES OF THE GREAT WAR.

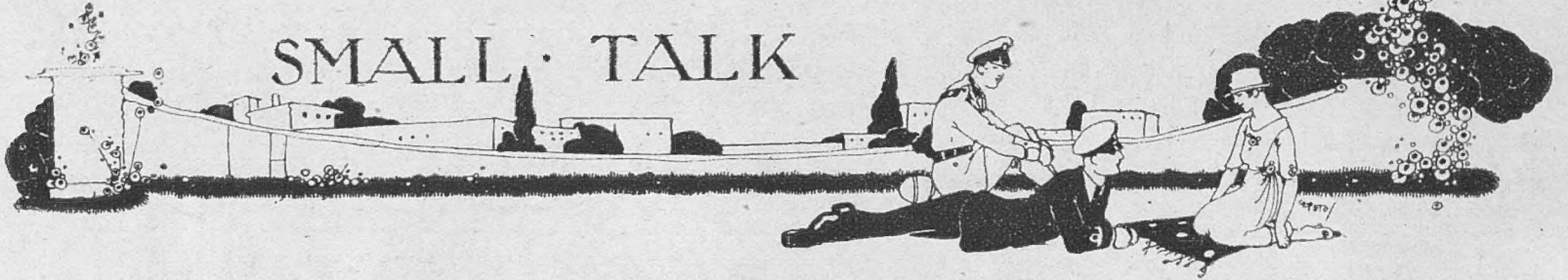
This tribute has been made in recognition of the care bestowed by the French on the graves of British dead.—[Photograph by Typical.]



THE OSTEND FRONT.

"In spite of the lateness of the season, we understand that unusually large numbers of English visitors are to be seen on the front at Ostend."—*Daily Paper*.

SMALL TALK



TO MARRY CAPTAIN C. F. ST. CLAIR STOCKWELL: MRS. SHIELDS.

The marriage arranged between Captain C. F. St. Clair Stockwell, Headquarters Staff, France, and Mrs. Mary Jardine Shields, widow of the late Major Shields, Glenrosa House, Newmilns, Ayrshire, is to take place at Westminster, on Nov. 30.

Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow.

working activities being the collection of pearls for a necklace ultimately to be auctioned in behalf of Irish Prisoners of War. She has already gathered quite a goodly collection, but only the best specimens are to be strung. In the days when every patriot was not of necessity a worker, Lady Powerscourt was a keen lover of sport and a prominent figure at all the important Irish race-meetings; and her interest in flying matters rivals Lady Drogheda's.

In Among the Matrons.

It is not often that anyone as young as Lady Irene Lawley becomes a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. If she is not the only spinster to hold the honour, she is at least one of a very select few; but then, not many young women are blessed with a "place" of their own like Escrick Park, and a fortune sufficiently ample to allow of the maintenance of an auxiliary hospital within

LORD POWERSCOURT, who retired from the Army earlier in the year owing to ill-health contracted on active service—he served with the gallant Tenth Division in the East—is reputed to be busy helping to keep sport alive in Ireland. But the work entailed seems to leave him with plenty of energy for other things. It was not until he started a white-wood industry on his property near Bray that the possible commercial value of wood from trees grown in Ireland began to be appreciated by his easy-going tenants, who were also quite content to await a lead from their noble landlord in the direction of gardening and forestry for profit. Incidentally, in addition to the family acres in County Wicklow, Lord Powerscourt owns a priceless collection of pictures, in which Cuyp, Tintoretto, and Filippo Lippi are well represented. Lady Powerscourt is as busy as her husband, the latest addition to her war-



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC WEDDING: MR. R. L. CRAIGIE: MISS STOVALL (MRS. CRAIGIE).

The wedding of Miss Stovall, second daughter of the Hon. Pleasant Alexander Stovall, United States Minister in Berne, and Mr. Robert Leslie Craigie, son of the late Admiral R. W. Craigie, R.N., and of Lady Tudor, took place on Oct. 30, in Berne, Switzerland. The bride was attended by Mrs. Hugh Wilson, matron-of-honour, and five bridesmaids. The best man was Mr. Owen Sargent, of the British Legation.—[Photographs by Julian Grandé.]

its walls. The young owner has herself acted as commandant and director, and the place is the Mecca at which every "smart" V.A.D. hopes to arrive, Lady Moira Osborne and Lady Elcho being amongst the bunch who have succeeded. Lady Irene was a close friend of the late Charles Lister. Some of the most interesting letters in the collection included by Lord Ribblesdale in the Memoirs of his son were lent by the mistress of Escrick Park.

She Would Be Welcome.

It is to be hoped Miss Marguerite Wilson, daughter of the American President, will visit this country before she returns to America. Miss Wilson has almost rivalled her famous father in the strenuousness of her war work, and her presence as a Y.M.C.A. worker in France is only a

continuation of the work she has done amongst soldiers from the date America came into the war. The present occupant of White House has not quite the same talents as Mr. Roosevelt for making all the world acquainted with his family affairs, and Miss Wilson has never acquired the international fame of "Princess Alice"; but she would be none the less welcome in England if she could find time to fit in a visit.

A Famous Publishing Firm.

The publishing firm of John Murray, which is about to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth year of its existence, has always had a John as its head. The founder of the firm was a very different person from the ordinary "bookseller" of the type for whom Johnson wrote. He was a naval officer, and the spirit of the gentlemanly caste has remained with the House of Murray throughout its distinguished

history. Though Byron libelled the business by his famous "Now Barabbas was a Publisher," he was appreciative of the friendship and the excellent character of the Murray of his day, to whom he wrote a metrical letter beginning, "My dear Mr. Murray, you're in a damned hurry to set up that ultimate canto; but if they don't rob us you'll find Mr. Hobhouse will bring it along in his portmanteau." The records of the House of Murray form a fascinating chapter in the history of British letters. The fifth John of the dynasty is now a Lieutenant-Colonel in Flanders.

The Lure of Constantinople.

Constantinople had an enthusiastic English visitor in Disraeli when he was twenty-five. Like other young men in that still Byronic era, he, who had everything ahead, imagined that he had already drunk the cup of life to the dregs.

But the Bosphorus gave him the new sensation. "Constantinople," he wrote home, "baffles all description though so often described. I feel an excitement which I thought was dead." That phrase, in a less *blasé* generation, many an Englishman is likely to repeat to-day. How delighted was Disraeli with the bazaar, in which "the meanest merchant looks like a Sultan in an Eastern fairy tale," and which offered everything to the visitor, "from diamonds to dates." He was never more in his element than when he "smoked out of pipes with diamond mouthpieces, and sipped coffee perfumed with roses in cups studded with precious stones." Perhaps a more serviceable precedent may be found to-day in Disraeli's ascription to Turkish tobacco, and plenty of it, of "the continued improvement in my health."



TO MARRY CAPTAIN C. L. MISKIN: MISS A. D. MONCKTON.

Miss Monckton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Monckton, Blackheath. Captain Charles Miskin, R. West Kent Regiment, is the son of the late Mr. W. T. Miskin, of Court Yard House, Eltham, and Mrs. H. L. Van Gelder, Blackheath.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN POLLOCK: MISS ELEANOR V. LITTEDALE.

Miss Eleanor Violet Littledale is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Aston Littledale, of 21, The Boltons, S.W. Captain Humphrey Rivers Pollock, R.A.M.C., is the only son of the late Dr. W. Rivers Pollock and Mrs. Rivers Pollock.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY AN M.C.: MISS MURIEL STELLA WILSON.

Miss Wilson is the second daughter of the late Mr. Sydney J. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of Prospect House, Sundridge, Sevenoaks. She is engaged to Captain H. Bret Ince, M.C., Royal Field Artillery, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Ince.

Photograph by Bassano.

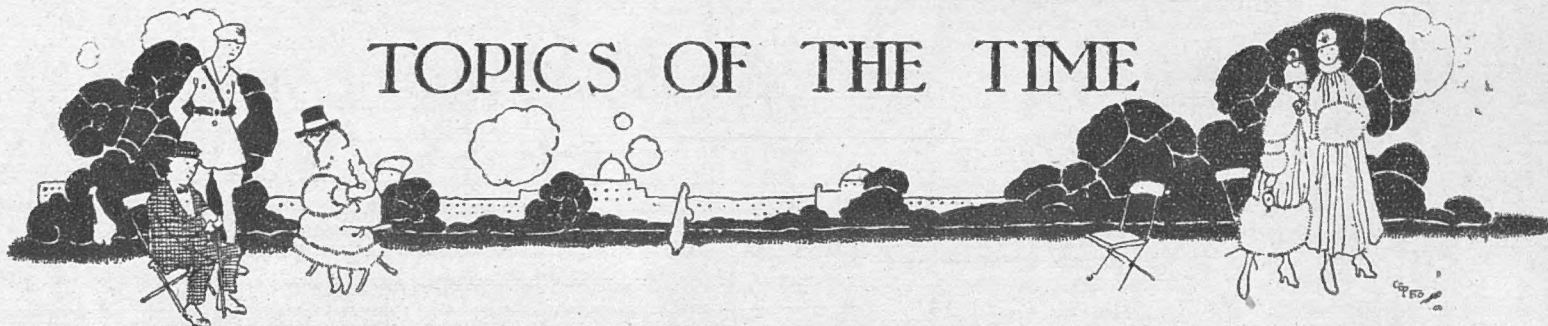
KICK I CAN! AN "ECCENTRIC" DANCER.



DANCER OF THE KI-KI-KAN: MISS BETTY BLAKE, OF THE ADELPHI.

All who have seen "The Boy," at the Adelphi, know Miss Betty Blake as a most intriguing dancer—with M. Jean Castaner. The couple, it should

be known, have just devised a new eccentric dance, the Ki-ki-kan: this is for the ballroom.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I and Lily Elsie must certainly see it through. I refer, of course, to the pretty creature's ambition to collect, with our help, 10,000 gold and silver cigarette-cases for the Red Cross.

The profession of the stage should prove a veritable gold and silver mine to the cause, for there is no section of the people so rich in the above articles as that to which Miss Lily Elsie once wholly belonged. Could she, I wonder, in deciding what form her appeal should take, have had in her mind that immense hidden treasure which is distributed among the hip-pockets of the United Kingdom's actors, managers, producers, and stage-managers?

But as for me, dear Mrs. Bullough, my part must be the vain to strip, for I was never known to pull a gold case from my pocket (hip). Nor have I had, for years together, a silver case within my grasp, but one of imitation leather, equipped with broken brazen clasp!

We'll seize upon the actor famous, and all the members of his staff, and none could seriously blame us for lessening their stock by half. In orgies of such golden cases these lucky gentlemen indulge, until their garments linked to braces, and waistcoats, positively bulge.

The latest lump of coal news to hand is that we are to keep only one home fire burning, and that, if it is the kitchen fire, then in the kitchen we must sit. I don't mind, if Cook doesn't. But most people fear that, when they give her notice of the new situation, she will promptly return the compliment.

It is my measureless delight before the kitchen fire to sit while Cook the dinner is preparing. It sharpens up my appetite. I simply love the smell of it—and of the tea-cloths by me airing.

My prying habits day by day more worrying to her become—last night I nearly crazy drove her. (Of course, I'm always in the way when Susan stirs the swirling scum of something that is boiling over!)

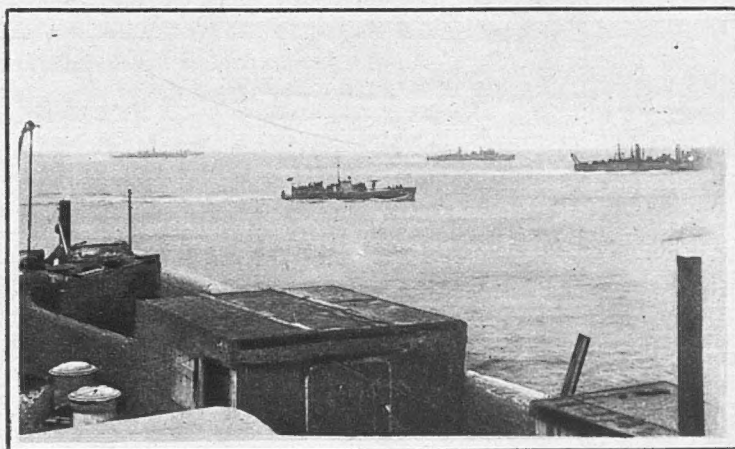


AT A BRITISH BASE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A CONCERT-PARTY.
British Official Photograph.

Who cares? Of coal I'm burning less, which was undoubtedly to me the patriotic task allotted. (Susan has spoiled my evening dress. She dropped the joint upon my knee, which left my shirt-front badly spotted.)

And so I sit and read the news, unheedful of the flying grease, unmindful how the Cook I hinder. *I've burned less coal—that's my excuse.* I've helped and hastened coming peace! What though the joint is now a cinder?

I was deeply touched, as I am sure you must have been also, by the sad story of our revue girls' salaries, and I felt I owed it to



CLEARING THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF OSTEND: BRITISH MINE-SWEEPERS
SWEEPING THE SEA.—[*British Official Photograph.*]

my country to inquire into the matter first-hand by going to interview one of the victims of the £2 weekly.

I called on Peggy Cranbourne-Browne at fifty-seven Curzon Flats, her charming residence in town, and found her busy choosing hats. "I've come to sympathise with you—your maid said you were disengaged; and if you'll grant an interview I'm sure I shall be much obliged?" "Sure thing!" said Peggy Cranbourne-Browne, and told me that I might sit down.

"This sinful wage"—I had begun, referring to her weekly fee. Shrieked Peggy, "None of that, my son! You don't come preaching here to me!" I bade her calm her jewelled breast and stifle her imperial rage, and told her humbly that my quest concerned her earnings on the stage. And pretty Peggy Cranbourne-Browne was pleased to smile away a frown!

The Mayor of Dover reports that there is no animal life in Ostend.

We knew already there was none. Your Worship is a little late. 'Twas weeks ago the beast-like Hun decided to evacuate!

Easy come, easy go; and the announcement that Ben Loyal, that delightful old mountain in Sutherlandshire, has been sold privately for £188,000 suggests that some war profiteer or other has begun to launch out with characteristic extravagance.

The Profiteer of Peckham Rye must buy a place and settle down—some mansion where it's nice and high, and not too near a bally town. A Scottish pile, where kings were born—his taste in that direction tends. A mountain, too, on Sunday morn, would vastly please his week-end friends!

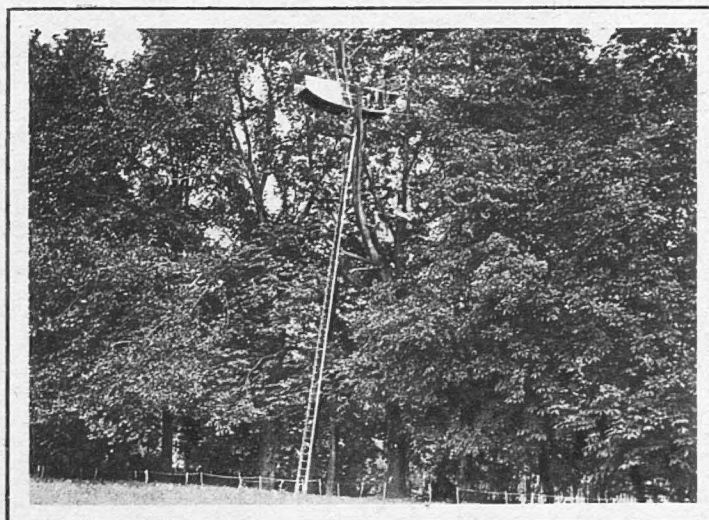
Methinks I see my Profiteer displaying an anaemic leg as forth he strides among his deer—who hate his skimpy philabeg! He wanders down the mountain side, his guests behind him in a line, and carelessly, and yet with pride, remarks, "This hill is also mine!"

A. B. M.

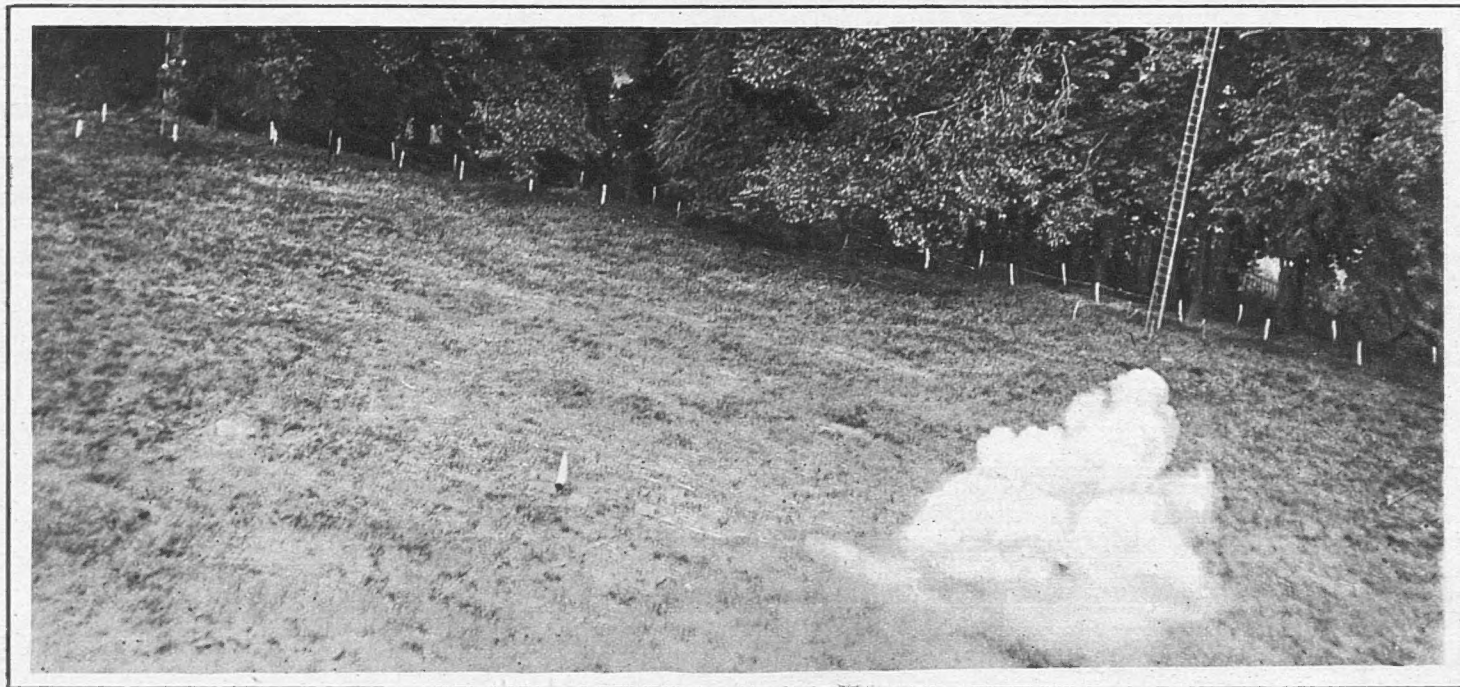
UP A TREE—FOR TRAINING: LEARNING TO SPOT.



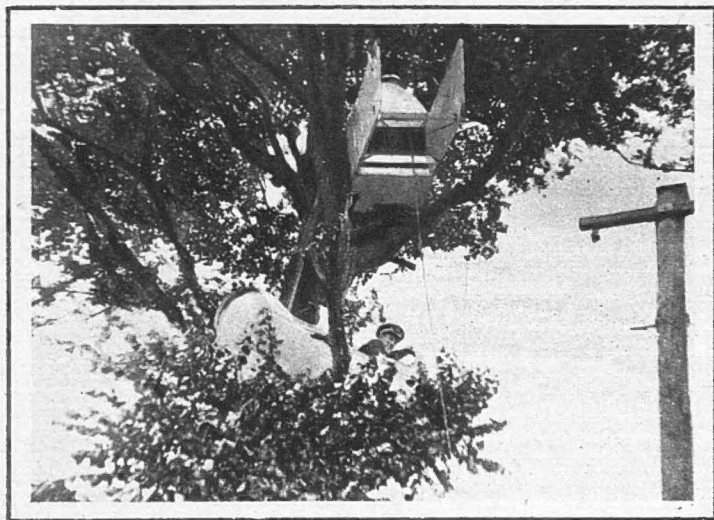
TRAINING TO BE R.A.F. PILOTS: CADETS CLIMBING A TREE FOR SPOTTING INSTRUCTION.



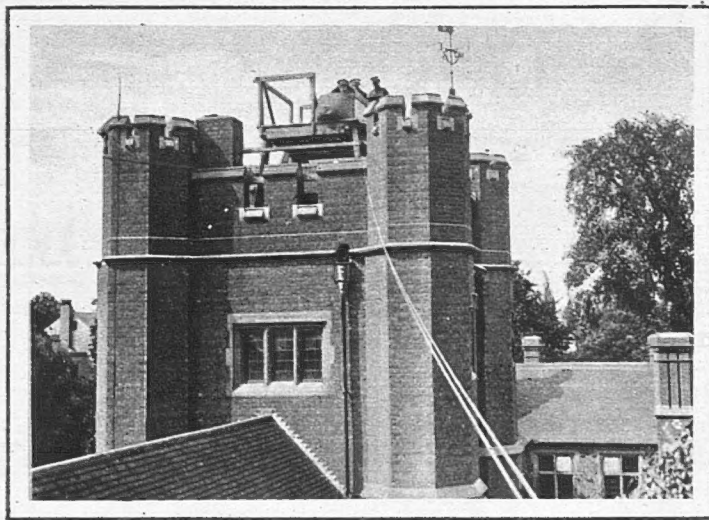
A FUSELAGE UP A TREE—WITH CADETS ABOARD, FOR SPOTTING INSTRUCTION.



TRAINING R.A.F. PILOTS IN SPOTTING FOR ARTILLERY: A MINIATURE BATTLE-AREA ON THE GROUND BELOW THE TREE-BORNE FUSELAGE—WITH "SHELL-BURST."



LEARNING TO SPOT: CADETS IN FUSELAGES IN THE TREES.



A DIFFERENT KIND OF PERCH: A FUSELAGE ON THE TOP OF A TOWER.

Needless to say, the training undergone by cadets who are to become R.A.F. pilots is exceedingly thorough. It is also ingenious. Here we have a method of instructing in the art of spotting for artillery.

Fuselages are mounted in trees or on high places of another nature; and below is a miniature battle-area. The method has proved as effective as could possibly be desired.—[Official Photographs.]



THE Kaiser will part with many things before he willingly parts with his rings—three in number, and worn on his right hand. In one of his most usual attitudes in unofficial life he lays his right hand over his defective left hand, and thus gives an unusual prominence to the jewellery of his deliberate choice. It was a strange enough choice, too, for each ring is a serpent, the head with eyes now of rubies, now of emeralds. "When the Kaiser spoke recently of Germany's being ringed round with enemies," a correspondent writes, "I could not help thinking that these ornaments of his were in his mind, and that he got from them an infatuation as to the venomous qualities of his foes." Certainly he had no better basis for that strange infatuation.

A Closed Chapter. Like so many other people in English society, Lady Randolph has been led by recent historic events to recall in her tea-table talk the old-time evidences of good-fellowship between English and American women and the German Court. She had one interview with the old Empress Augusta, who talked only of "dear Queen Victoria." She sat at dinner in Berlin next to the Kaiser—then Prince William. Her later memories of him, when he had succeeded to the throne, include a report of his saying of his State balls that "men came for discipline, and women for deportment"—not a very festively sounding programme. Much rehearsing is a necessary preliminary; but Lady Randolph thinks that some similar etiquette might be advantageously introduced at the Court of



WIFE OF A PROSPECTIVE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE:
MRS. DONALD CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Donald Campbell is the wife of Captain Donald Campbell, a prospective candidate for North Paddington. Mrs. Campbell is a keen sportswoman and accompanied her husband on a big-game hunt in the Eastern Himalayas and Northern Shan States in Burmah. She has also been until recently a war-worker.

St. James's, where she notices that it is with difficulty that the majority of dancers go through even an ordinary quadrille. Lady Randolph dined with Bismarck too, and of course she remembers the compliment the Chancellor deigned to pay her. Bismarck's great dog fixed his fierce eyes on hers so persistently as almost to alarm her. But the dog's master was reassuring: "He is looking at your eyes because he has not seen any like them."

The Old Name.

Lady Randolph Churchill has suffered a nominal defeat. When she married Mr. Porch (who has long been back at his distant outpost of Empire) she meant religiously to bear his name. But everything conspired to defeat her purpose. When, in doing any

public work, she was introduced as Mrs. Porch, a *sotto voce* and explanatory "Lady Randolph, you know," always followed. Her letters, too, came to her in quantities addressed under the old familiar form, so that if she went to hotels or clubs the double entry had to be made—and war time is no time for such superfluities.

For Remembrance. Memorials, and more memorials! These will not be dedicated only to the memory of the heroic dead. Many groups of men, in gratitude to the living, will wish to put up a monument or to endow a beneficent institution. Only the other day Queen Alexandra spoke for an immense and an immensely grateful class when she did honour to the Matrons in Chief of the military nursing services. Similarly the Duke of Connaught has paid his tribute to another large class who might easily escape attention—the N.C.O.s of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. "From my long experience," he says, "I have always looked on the non-commissioned officers as the backbone of the Army." A poet of the last generation spoke of himself as "singularly moved to love the lovely who are not beloved"; and George Frederick Watts, urged by the same impulse, planned a memorial statue in honour of all worth that had otherwise gone unrecognised. So now, when a million war rewards have been allotted, it may yet be feasible to pay some

mammoth tribute, in paint or marble, to the men and women whose merits as war workers have inevitably escaped official recognition—or, as Felix Holt puts it, "to the faithful who are not famous."

Diosy San.

I notice that Mr. Arthur Diosy has been telling his experiences at the Italian front. He has visited six theatres of war since he offered his services as a lecturer to the War Office in 1914. The son of a distinguished Hungarian patriot, though born in London, Mr. Diosy has a talent for absorbing atmosphere. I believe he had written a great deal of convincing literature about Japan before he paid his first visit to that country. He is, of course, chiefly known for his interest in things Japanese, and did as much as any man to prepare public opinion for the treaty which has been the pivot of our Far Eastern policy for two decades, and which has stood the test of two great wars.



AFTER THE WEDDING: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
CECIL FANE AND HIS BRIDE.

The marriage of Lieut.-Col. Cecil Fane, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lancs, and Gladys MacGeorge, eldest daughter of Mrs. Stanley Barry, of Pittsford Hall, Northampton, took place, on Oct. 30, at St. George's, Hanover Square.—[Photo. C. N.]



WIFE AND SON OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER:
MRS. FITZPATRICK AND HER SON.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is the wife of Brigadier-General E. R. Fitzpatrick, D.S.O., Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and is seen in our photograph with her son, Master Desmond Fitzpatrick.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

DUGUID-McCOMBIE—PETERSEN: THE BRIDE.



SISTER OF THE COUNTESS OF WILTON: MRS. DUGUID-McCOMBIE (MISS FLORA PETERSEN).

It was announced last week that the marriage of Miss Flora Petersen and Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Duguid-McCombie, of the Royal Scots Greys, would take place on the 7th, at Brompton Oratory. The bride is

the younger daughter of Mr. William Petersen, of 80, Portland Place, W., and Eigg, Inverness. Her sister, Miss Brenda Petersen, was married to the Earl of Wilton, who is an officer in the Royal Navy, in 1917.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

THE "FAIRY" OF HEREFORD SQUARE: A



WITH HER PET CHOWS "JOT" AND "WOMEN": MISS FAY COMPTON IN THE GARDENS OF HEREFORD SQUARE.



SEEKING FRESH LAURELS—IN A COMPTON OUT FOR



"MINUTES FLEDG'D WITH MUSIC": MISS FAY COMPTON PLAYING THE PIANO IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.



ATTENDING TO CORRESPONDENCE: MISS FAY COMPTON WRITING LETTERS AT HER DESK.

Miss Fay Compton, it will be remembered, made her latest success as Blanny Wheeler in "Fair and Warmer," the farce now running at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, though, at the moment of writing, she has been absent from the cast for a time. Among other pieces in which she has appeared during the last few years may be recalled "The Invisible Foe" and the revival of Barrie's "The Professor's Love Story," in both of which she acted with Mr. H. B. Irving.

POPULAR ACTRESS IN HER LONDON HOME.



LONDON SQUARE: MISS FAY
MORNING STROLL.



IN HER OWN GARDEN IN HEREFORD SQUARE: MISS FAY COMPTON WITH "JOT"
AND "WOMEN," HER PET CHOWS.



A QUIET TIME WITH A BOOK: MISS FAY COMPTON
READING IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.



GOING OUT: MISS FAY COMPTON LEAVING THE DOOR
OF HER HOUSE IN HEREFORD SQUARE.

In the recent Pageant of Drury Lane she took the part of one of the Muses. Her first appearance on the stage was made with the Follies at the Apollo Theatre in 1911, and she married the late Mr. H. G. Pellissier, chief of the Follies, who died in 1913. Later she became the wife of Mr. Lauri de Frece. In 1914 she went to America, and played in "To-Night's the Night" in New York. Her career has been one of unbroken and increasing success.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

TALKING of abdication (and with everybody's Chancellors getting the "Sign, please" habit, all the best people do it now), whatever shall we do, if the poor dears are allowed to sing, "Oh to be in England" when the rush begins? Half the hotels aren't hotels; the other half are full of war-workers, and they can't all get into Kenwood. It's all very fine for the Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic parlour-maid to come in half-way through breakfast and say that there's a gentleman

called round from the People's Government, and he'll wait for an answer, please. Anybody can do that part of it, and send the pen to the War Museum. But just you try arriving in London at a quarter to midnight, with no rooms booked and nothing but the Crown Jewels and a tooth-brush, and see how you like it!

And who's going to pay their little separation allowances when they get here? It's not much use taking a Royal Hungarian ring paper round to the post office! Believe the Romanoffs—first in the field, as ever—have shown them an attractive way out. Wasn't Peter the Great something under the Director of Shipping Construction down Deptford way? Anyway, the

a young riot of congratulants round Diaghileff in the stalls corridor, as well as the unique spectacle of Massine in a beautiful dinner-jacket. Some of us couldn't help wishing that he would come in front in the delightful bathing-costume that he had been wearing in "Cleopatra" the same afternoon. But we can't have everything, can we? And it was noble of him to come and look at the first ballet which he hasn't been dancing in himself. It was, in the noblest sense, a fishy affair. We were all very green and undulating, exits and entrances were effected on ascending and descending lumps of seaweed (a flying-machine which Lady Drogheda has hitherto overlooked), and Jazvinski played, as the programme said, "so wonderfully upon the national instrument, the gusli." I am getting a bit rusty on the gusli, aren't you? One must keep it up.

Flutters in Berlin and Main Headquarters are being reflected in Hampshire. Nervous villagers round Christchurch and High cliff are beginning to wonder if He will find His way back, and the station-master at Hinton Admiral is taking legal advice as to what he is to do if a traveller without a ticket refuses to pay his fare and offers him the Red Eagle! Happy days!



A WORKER FOR WAR CHARITIES:
MISS GWENDOLINE MARSHALL.

Miss Gwendoline Marshall is the youngest daughter of Sir Horace Marshall, the new Lord Mayor of London. She has done much valuable work for benevolent efforts connected with the war.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

sign of "Torby, Couturier," has been hoisted in the West End; and I shouldn't be surprised if we found Karl and Zita wandering into the Bath Club by mistake for Paquin's back door; whilst Doucet signs a five years' agreement with Boris and Ferdie. If we go on like this, those foreign coats-of-arms over the shop windows will tell us the name of the gentleman who cuts out the coats inside instead of the august aliens to whom he purveys them by special appointment.

Anybody noticed the unadvertised nobility of Mr. Asquith in going to Scotland the other week, with a new Russian ballet happening at the very same minute in St. Martin's Lane? Mr. Lloyd George found time to go to the Eisteddfod, and cracked an ode with the bards at Neath between offensives. But Mr. A., deaf to all but the call of duty, chained himself to the mast of the Scotch Express (like Ulysses getting past the Sirens' island), and plunged into the Scottish Liberal Federation, whilst Diaghileff burst a wonderful aquatic U-ballet on us at the Coliseum. He may enjoy talking columns of small print to Scottish Liberals; but, if there is anything in appearances, he is just as happy in the delightfully pre-war "afraid-we-shall-have-trouble-when-the-snow-melts-in-the-Balkans" atmosphere of the Russian Ballet. Expect the family has taken him there by now to recover from the effort of remembering that his Chairman was not Sir William Robertson (ex-C.I.G.S. and G.O.C. Forces in Great Britain), but Sir William Robertson (Scottish Liberal Federation, Lord-Lieutenant of Fife, and most popular monarch of Dunfermline town).

Anyhow, the rest of the regulars were there—Lady Cunard packed in a box, *tout le Mond, et hoc genus omne*. There was



THE NEW LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON: LADY MARSHALL.

Lady Marshall is the wife of Sir Horace Marshall, the new Lord Mayor of London, who entered upon his duties on Saturday last. Before her marriage she was Miss Laura Sigs, Lady of Grace, Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and is a daughter of Mr. John Sigs, of Streatham Hill.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Harry Tate is reported to be seriously concerned at the possibility of foreign competition; and his assistant has threatened to call the men out if the Crown Prince goes into the Pappa business without joining the Union.



[FROM THE PAINTING BY S. P. PEARSE.

“LIMPETS.”

REALLY LIGHT PICTURES : PUTTING



FROM CANDLE TO ELECTRIC L

"Lampland" is one of the most discussed scenes of Mr. Charles Dillingham

ING THEMSELVES IN THE SHADE.



LIGHT: "LADIES OF LAMPLAND."

ghani's big musical spectacle, "Everything," at the New York Hippodrome.

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The scent of the world
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The real odour of the
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WELL KNOWN IN SOCIETY: A TRIO OF NEW PORTRAITS.



1. DAUGHTER OF A DUKE—AND NOT THE ANTHOLOGIST: LADY SYBIL SCOTT.

2. A GOD-DAUGHTER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA:
MRS. FAWCUS.3. WIFE OF THE HEIR TO BARON DE SAUMAREZ:
THE HON. MRS. BROKE SAUMAREZ.

Lady Sybil Scott is the second daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and has been on a visit to Windsor Castle with her mother, who is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Bradford. She has been nursing at a private hospital in Scotland. *En passant*, Lady Sybil is not the anthologist, who is a daughter of the Earl of Desart.—Mrs. Fawcus is the wife of Colonel A. E. Fawcus,

M.C., North Staffordshire Regiment, and is a daughter of the late, Mr. William James and Mrs. Brinton, and a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra.—The Hon. Mrs. James St. Vincent Broke Saumarez is the wife of Captain James Broke Saumarez, Scots Guards. She was, before her marriage, Miss Gunhild Balck, daughter of Major-General Viktor Balck, K.C.M.G., of Stockholm.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, by Swaine; No. 3, by Lallie Charles.

“ IN FLOWER OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY’S PRIDE ”:



REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED FOR A LEADING PART IN A NEW

Miss Dorothy Hanson has, we understand, been engaged by Mr. Charles B. Cochran to play a leading part in a new production
a number of interesting theatrical enterprises

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"WHERE'S THE BOY FOR ME?" A PALACE SINGER.

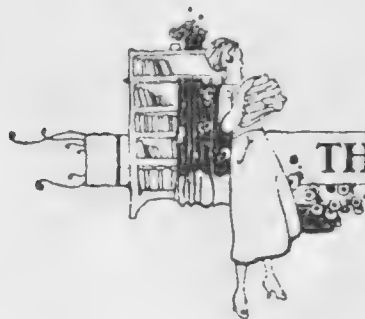


A FLOWER-SELLER AND AN UNROMANTIC GIRL: MISS MARJORIE ESSEX, IN "HULLO, AMERICA!"
AT THE PALACE.

Miss Marjorie Essex has several opportunities, which she turns to good account, in the Palace revue, "Hullo, America!" We meet her first in a scene called "The Old Knight and the New," figuring as An

Unromantic Girl. Later she appears as A Flower-Seller, in the scene, "On the Pavement," and here she has a musical number to herself, in the form of a song, with chorus, "Where's the Boy for Me?"

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



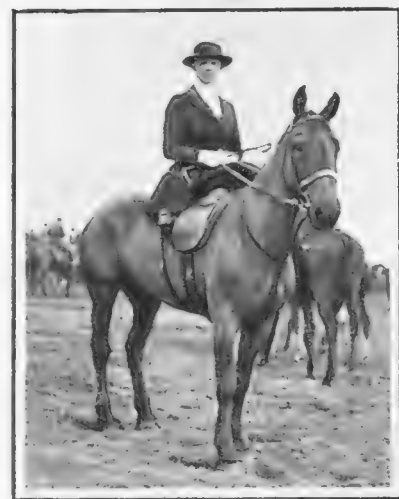
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



THE things that really matter are the things that most of us haven't got time to think about. We leave them to the mystics and the dreamers, whom we, in self-defence, patronisingly describe as simple, unpractical persons because, instead of realising the importance of getting on in the world, they meditate on matters that have no money in them, and speak of our business enterprises very much as the grown-ups speak of the games that children play. "A. E.," however, is not so easily disposed of, for, though he is a mystic and a dreamer, he has done hard spade work in some very business-like movements for the material prosperity of Ireland. I once heard him addressing a meeting that cared about nothing but everyday work and wages, and he was then as keenly interested in the comfort of the human carcase as now, in "The Candle of Vision," he is wholly absorbed in those things of the spirit that are, in the long run, the only things that matter. And the grace of his style, the charm of his personality, is scarcely more potent in his written than in his spoken words.

But, in the book, I feel—perhaps because I am incurably mundane—that he sometimes gets too far away from this gross earth and its people who are dressed in clay, and preaches a philosophy that is impossible to all but the elect. Not all men have



HUNTING IN IRELAND: MISS KATHLEEN SYNNOTT.

Miss Synnott, of Furness, Naas, is a well-known follower of the Kildare Hunt. She is a daughter of Mr. N. J. Synnott, Director of the Great Southern and Western Railway, and Deputy Governor of the Bank of Ireland.

Photograph by Poole.

had first given her heart, and practically ran away, before her second wedding-day, back into the environment of her earlier years, to face the truth, and test the reality of those thoughts and feelings that stood betwixt her and possible happiness. And that she did not succumb to the wiles of her divorced husband was not due to any power she had of making her destiny, but to the pure strength of inherited instincts and the dogged resolve of Michael in following her.

Just as Camilla was always prompted by a natural desire to face the truth, John Horton Grant, in "Mockery," has always a natural desire to avoid facing it. He deceives himself and others, and

others deceive him. He is a cad without knowing it, and if he helps to make his destiny, he does so accidentally, and the destiny he arrives at is not the one he had hoped to achieve. He is incapable of sincerity, and when you know the story of his past you recognise that he is very much what circumstances have made him. It is

a clever, humorous, cynical story; and the tragic close takes you by surprise after so much comedy. The philosophy of the story, which does not support "A. E.'s" faith, is distilled into one of the author's asides: "The naked truth generally does seem too far-fetched, yet it is a fact that in real life men jump at tremendous conclusions off very slender premises. Processes are never quite so deliberate and logical as they are in fiction. You will be astonished at your own inconsequence if you consider how impulsively you have dashed at nearly all the great decisions of your life. Moreover, it is a truism to say that a drowning man will clutch at any straw. What, perhaps, is surprising is the comfort so many drowning men seem to derive from their straws."

In a sense, no doubt, Bernard Mainwaring, of "The Assembly," arranged a destiny for himself when he cheated at cards and fled to hide himself in South America. But he had nothing to do with bringing about the Great War, and it was the war that gave him the opportunity to return

home under an alias, enlist as a private, and more than atone for his folly by giving his life for the man who had throughout befriended him. An interesting and a poignant story, and one to be bought for its own sake as well as for the fact that the profits from it will go to the Harrow School War Memorial Fund.

You don't want to bother about destinies when you read such an ingenious, captivating yarn as "The Man from the Clouds." It is a German spy story; but, unlike most of such, is written with a delightful sense of humour which the author of "The Lunatic at Large" can't suppress and doesn't try to. Roger Merton, formerly an actor, now in the Navy, parachutes down from a runaway balloon, drops (as he thinks) in Germany, shouts in German to a man in the mist, and is hoarsely warned in the same language to speak English. He loses the man, who evidently got suspicious, and learns at a farm that he is on a small island near the British naval base. This is the most joyous and one of the most dexterous spy tales I have read.



A FOLLOWER OF THE KILDARE HUNT: MRS. A. S. C. BROWNE.

Mrs. Browne, daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. J. C. Howard, of Moorefield, Newbridge, is married to Lieut. A. S. C. Browne, the Lancers, eldest son of Major Alexander Browne, of Callaley Castle, Whittingham, Northumberland.

Photograph by Poole.

BOOKS TO READ.

- The Candle of Vision. By "A. E." (Macmillan.)
- Camilla. By Elizabeth Robins. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- Mockery. By Alexander Macfarlane. (Heinemann.)
- The Assembly. By Lord Frederick Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett.)
- The Man from the Clouds. By J. Storer Clouston. (Blackwood.)
- Mr. Wu: A Novel of the Play. By Louise Jordan Miln. (Cassell.)
- The Orchard of Tears. By Sax Rohmer. (Methuen.)
- A History of English Literature. By A. Compton-Rickett. (Jack.)



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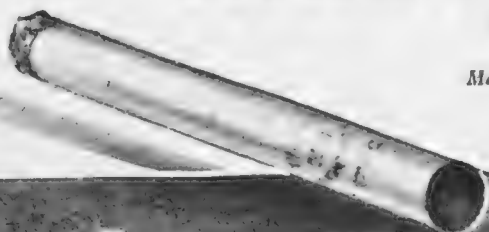
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BLAGUE.



TOMMY (to the captor of a pompous German officer): Wot are you goin' to do with him, George?
GEORGE: W'y not stand 'im outside our Divisional Cinema to take the tickets?

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.

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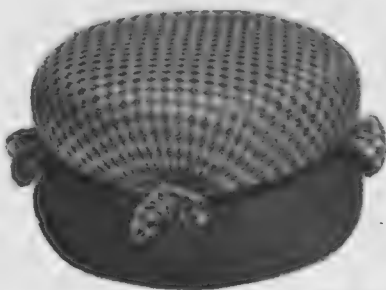
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IN FAIRNESS TO AMERICA.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

IN common justice to our gallant American Allies, somebody ought to talk gently but firmly to the newspaper-paragraphers of the world at large about the yarns which are circulated concerning what the United States Air Service is going to do in the next six weeks, or the next six months, or whatever the period may be about which the yarns are circulated. America has done wonderfully in aerial matters during the past year, but the age of miracles is not to day. The foregoing sentiments are produced by a paragraph which states that, "according to a report submitted to the Military Committee of the House of Representatives by Colonel Arnold, of the American Air Service, the number of trained and licensed airmen available for the United States Army on July 1, 1919, will exceed 30,000."

A Tall Order. Never mind about exceeding 30,000. Let us consider what 30,000 by itself means. In the first place, this effete old continent of Europe, with the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland, has been at war for something over four years, and it has been producing aviators as fast as it could all that time. And yet it would be fairly safe to bet that all

those mechanics need food and mechanical transport for supplies for themselves and their machine. And there must be huge depôts for the bigger repairs and for the storing and assembling of spare parts and new aeroplanes and engines, and more supply and transport services for those depôts. And then there are all the people who handle the machines on rail and ship, and those who test and inspect and store and allot and otherwise handle them after their arrival in Europe. So that, on the whole, fifty men for every aeroplane in the air seems a fairly moderate estimate.

1,500,000 "On the Ground."

To keep strictly on the moderate side, one might include in that fifty per machine all the observers, gunners, and photographers who merely fly as passengers, and all the men necessary to feed and clothe and house them, and all those necessary to keep their guns and cameras and other paraphernalia in working order. If one assumes that half the 30,000 pilots would be on single-seater fighters, half the rest on two-seater fighters or reconnaissance machines or bombers, and the balance on the bigger bombers carrying three or four men



AN AIR VIEW OF A FAMOUS PORT RECOVERED BY THE ITALIANS: TRIESTE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.—[Photograph by C.N.]

the belligerent countries between them—France, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Turkey, and all the small States—have not produced 30,000 aviators up to the present moment. So America, with all her hustle, would have to "move some" to turn out more pilots in eight months than the rest of the world has trained in four years. One assumes, of course, that "trained and licensed airmen" means pilots only, for pilots alone are granted the aviator's certificate of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, which the newspaper paragraphist commonly calls a license—which it is not, seeing that it is merely a certificate of a moderate degree of proficiency as an aviator. Therefore, assuming that a trained and licensed airman is a pilot—which is what anybody would assume from reading the paragraph—think of the other figures involved.

An Army of Air Mechanics.

Leaving out training establishments, with their immense personnel of instructors, mechanics, stores people, servants, and so forth, one can estimate roughly that every aeroplane requires fifty people on the ground to keep it in the air as between the factory door and the firing line—at any rate, when one is dealing with a source of supply as far away as America is from the German frontier. No doubt half-a-dozen mechanics on the aerodrome may be enough to keep one aeroplane in flying order, doing minor repairs and adjustments to the machine and engine and guns and instruments. But

besides the pilot, one piles up a young army of 30,000 passengers of various sorts, or 60,000 people actually flying. Still, leaving them more or less out of the question, and sticking to our fifty men per aeroplane in the air, that means 1,500,000 people on the ground to keep the 30,000 "trained and licensed airmen" in the air. Or counting in the pilots and passengers as well, 1,560,000 people available for the Air Service of the United States Army, presumably in France, by July 1 next.

What Colonel Arnold Really Meant.

Much more authentic reports from America talk of an American Army of 5,000,000 men in France in 1919, assuming that there are approximately 2,000,000 Americans in Europe to-day. And it is fairly evident that out of 5,000,000 men it is very unlikely that something over a million and a half would be tied down to aviation. What is much more likely is that Colonel Arnold used the word "airmen" in the sense in which it is used by the Royal Air Force—that is, to mean non-commissioned officers and men, who are not officer-aviators. A force of 30,000 trained mechanics—leaving out the men needed for supply work, which would probably be done by the American equivalent of our Army Service Corps—should be able to keep at least 1000 aeroplanes constantly in the air, judging by the efficiency of a well-trained American engineer.

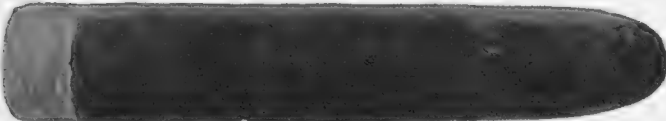
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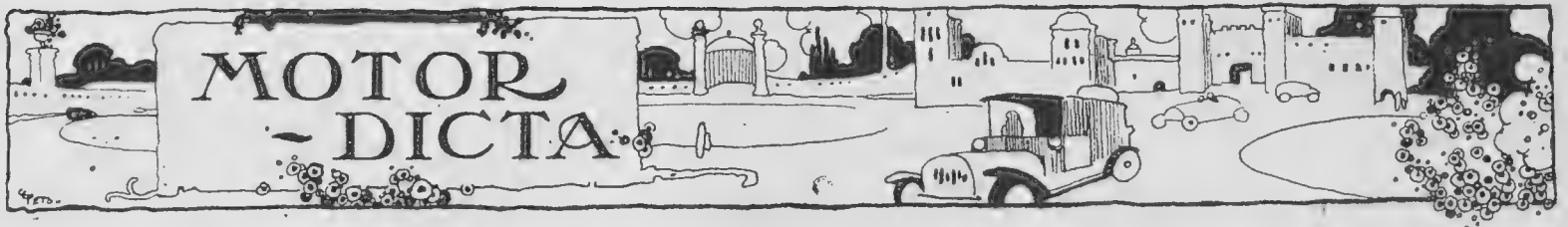
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THE "FLU" AND THE FUTURE: REFLECTIONS DURING CONVALESCENCE. By GERALD BISS.

LAST week at the hour of zero, when I, armed with my best 75 mm. stylo, was due to go over the top, like Peter's wife's mother, I lay sick of a fever upstairs, and recked naught whether ever again the wild auto stalked the length and breadth of the land, or whether the motor industry at its crisis reconstructed successfully or went to the devil. It was a matter of sublime indifference to me, as I watched my whole household bowled over one by one—with the one brilliant exception of my wife, who is Scotch, which may account for it—and began to devise a self-supporting system whereby we could each pay our own whack by taking in each other's nursing. For two days I had been preaching the philosophy of sickness to my unappreciative infants, when to their recovering delight I was in a sudden instant called upon to live up to it or stand convicted out of my own cracked lips.

'Flu and Philosophy.

Hegel and Schlegel, Nietzsche and Treitschke—damn the whole boiling of windy Teuton rogues! When 'flu flies in at the window, philosophy skedaddles out of the door a trifle above the legal limit. You go to bed fit to fight Huns of the deepest dye. The wily wandering streptococcus of the night drops in at your open window—a fatal habit specially inculcated by doctors for the surreptitious introduction of bacilli—and in the wee sma' hours you awake Grade IV. minus, your back undulating with rigours and playing knuckle-bones with your toes. And thus for the pyretic period the love alike of wisdom and the auto which appertains to it pass from you, only to return with a doubly intensified yearning, as the period of convalescing sets in, for a gentle joy-ride or two, 'despite November and "Dora"; but there is still the ever-shut door locked and double-shot for the duration—which, please heaven, may not now be so long with us as one time seemed. But I did browse at times upon the fringe of philosophy. How much worse to have the devastating and depressing devil of 'flu to nurse to your heart in the grimly isolated Vaterland, shorn of temporal grandeur and future hope! Or—worst of all—to be a prisoner in such hands, instead of in the midst of the many comforts and luxuries we still possess! Yes, war is a very healthy bed-fellow and keeps one from exaggerated

is an excellent thing from many points of view, as my soul ever irks against such accumulation of doubtful assets; and this process has brought home to me the sad fact that there are quite two or three hundred articles on automobilious topics, both grave and gay, I could have written during the last few months, which both the public and I myself have been mercifully spared owing to the providential paper shortage. They are now



A BRITISH DIVISIONAL MOTOR TRANSPORT WORKSHOP ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: IN THE TURNER'S SHOP.

Official Photograph.

safely in the limbo of the waste-paper-basket, past all hope of disinterment, leaving me free to turn my nose ahead to the fresher things which I hope lie on the lap of the near future after the staleness of fifty months' warfare, persistent and never for an instant to be denied. There is a lot to be done yet in the proper cleaning up of the Hun, which must not be minimised or for one moment neglected; but there is no saying when the "Cease munish" may not be sounded in certain quarters, with our whole forces now concentrated upon one single enemy, and him properly localised and pinned down. The renewal of peace interests and outputs means some very stirring times industrially, and we are on the eve of great adventures in industry.

A Slot-Machine Insurance is a thing which the for Car-Insurance. unthrifty and un-

mathematically minded of us all hate on principle; but perhaps, taken in small doses as and when you feel inclined, it would not be such a bore. Consequently, I am rather struck by the scheme of the Accident Insurance Machine Company, of Denver, Colorado. Their machine is for installation in garages, and, before starting, you simply put your nickel in the slot and write upon a space provided your name, address, date, and all particulars required, which automatically fills in the policy and leaves a duplicate in

the machine itself. Turn the handle, and you receive a 1000-dol. policy complete and effective for twenty-four hours, covering a large range of possibilities from loss of life down to loss of time, damage to car, and so forth. I like this feeling of insurance as you go, and would venture with the greatest deference to recommend it to my colleague Mr. C. G. Grey and his winged clientèle.



MOBILE REPAIR-SHOPS: THREE BRITISH DIVISIONAL MOTOR-TRANSPORT WORKSHOPS ON LORRIES, ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]

self-pity, though with the vagaries of temperature all proportions and values must rise and fall according to the calorificity of the moment.

When "Cease Munish" Sounds.

Such a time of compulsory confinement, if not rest, gives one a chance of a spring cleaning—a paradox in November though it be—and a general clear-out and stock-taking of accumulated papers, which



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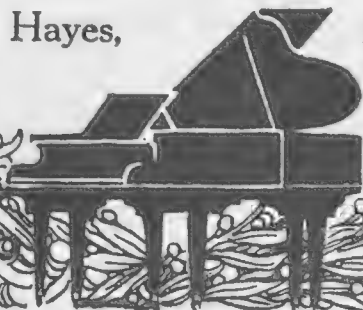
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The Old Order. It used to be said of the Englishwoman that, if she only paid attention to detail, she might at some time earn for herself the reputation of being well dressed. Perhaps there was a time when women overlooked the importance of the essential trifle which, in the long run, goes so far towards differentiating between those who are really well dressed and those who are merely clothed. But that is now an old story. If there is one thing more than another to which modern Eve devotes as much of her time and attention as can be spared from the consideration of frocks and war work, it is the et-ceteras which play so important a rôle in the modern toilette. But all her care and forethought would be of little use if the people who spend their time in designing pretty things for lovely woman did not come to her assistance. The wearing of home-made clothes is one of the things which no woman has yet learnt to contemplate with equanimity. It is one thing to be patriotic; it is quite another to use your clothes as a medium for advertising that hard-worked virtue.

And the New. Fortunately, no one is called upon to do it unless they want to. When authorities like those at Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore Street, start concentrating on problems connected with the feminine wardrobe, all that any woman needs to do is to wait patiently until they arrive at a solution. The next step is to acquire the same for personal use, and thus secure the freedom from anxiety on the score of personal appearance that the consciousness of being well dressed always brings. Very few people are strong-minded enough to rise superior to the pleasant sensation produced by the conviction that one is "looking nice."

Some Novel Trifles.

Recent events have had their effect on the dress world. Nothing but the certainty of coming victory could account for the joyously frivolous trifles that go to make dress so attractive. Novelties in scarves, in laces, in waistcoats, and cravats are to be met with in the kind of profusion that helps one to forget that the dress artists have still quite serious material difficulties to face. There are restaurant coats that seem to have been specially designed for the purpose of making one lose sight of the fact that there is a war on; and jumpers, both with sleeves and without them, in the new material known as velourzin that are likely to bring Sir Guy Calthrop as near to being popular as a Coal Controller can ever hope to be. No material or colour is too unusual to serve fashion's purpose. The further removed from the ordinary

it is, the more welcome from the modish point of view it becomes. The chapter on et-ceteras will surely be the most interesting one in the book on war-time dress to which some historian of the future will devote his time and energy.

A Scarf Revival. Exactly who revived the vogue for scarves is less important than the fact that the revival has provided women with a decorative as well as effective weapon to add to their dress armoury. The novelty of the moment is a scarf in which the presence of a strip of crêpe chiffon in nigger, or lemon, or tielle, or tan-coloured cashmere provides an excuse for the presence of a knitted border of soft wool to tone. It is difficult to imagine two substances so entirely

different on a whole, so supremely attractive. But that is only one aspect of the matter. There is another in which strands of hand-knitted wool are linked together by means of lengths of satin ribbon in some contrasting colour. The resultant striped effect is becoming as well as a trifle emphatic. But these are days when anything that approaches the ordinary or commonplace is apt to be overlooked. Each single item of dress, even if it is only a scarf, must strike—and strike hard—if it wants to concentrate attention on itself. The discerning will scarcely need to be told of the obvious advantages of a neck-wrap of this type. Apart from the fact that they are new, and consequently interesting, they serve the double purpose of day or evening wraps. What more could be required of any scarf, even in war-time?

Black lace with gold lace super-added helps to show that beauty in dress can be found in war as well as peace.

A Word on Waistcoats.

Then, again, there are the waistcoats to wear with the coat and skirt that may, in turn, be hidden by a fur coat. Poplin waistcoats with pointed fronts and a generous allowance of two pockets are smart and practical—both of them qualities that count for a good deal these days; and white crêpe-de-Chine, with an inset of moleskin cloth that as nearly resembles fur as any imitation can do, is something worth a woman's careful study. Undoubtedly, however, the novelty as well as the success of the season is the velourzin jumper, which, whether it has sleeves or not, is a really valuable possession at a time when coal is something that has to be used with discretion in the national interest. Velourzin suggests the softest of closely knitted woollen materials which has been "brushed" after manufacture. Its soft, fluffy surface is becoming and new. A model at Debenham's which has attracted more notice than any other shows red and green and black lines in stripe formation against a beige-coloured background, and a cross-over belt that exactly matches the stuff. The jumper hangs perfectly straight from the shoulder. From its cut you might imagine that no woman could or ought to have a waist. If she should happen to be unfashionable enough to own one, this particular model will camouflage it with complete success.



The background is white wool. The stripes are of black satin.

Two aspects of the waistcoats which help to keep women warm.



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THE HYMNS AND ERRS OF LOVE. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



RILEY

"Annexationists"

AGES ago, in the first days of war, an elderly non-combatant Hun revealed his soul in some doggerel called the "Hymn of Hate."

His "Hymn" became famous, but even in the ghastly trenches Youth laughed at it and derided it.

Since that day, throughout the tortured world, literature, art and beauty, the clean and lovely things of Life and Love have been cast aside and mocked at, while the old men, in their love for Youth, gleefully croak their hymns of hate, and will croak until death mercifully relieves us of their presence.

But Youth takes comfort in the certain knowledge that the universal Nature, merciful, but inexorable, silent, but inevitable, will put a term to the tyranny of the Aged.

When peace comes, Youth will discard all the doctrines of its decadent fathers and build the new world on the foundations of Love.

And should elderly philosophers and cynics deem that the ruling of Youth by Love will lack in force, let us demand of them what they have achieved by the force of their rule by Hate.

Women loathe them.

The old and discredited generation who now rule the earth will be eternally damned by history as responsible for dragging a world of beauty to the depths of ugliness, ghastly in its uniformity.

Youth and Love are individual. By individuality Youth becomes great, by uniformity is made a clod.

The passion of Age is the weakness to Hate; the passion of Youth is the power of Love.

Whatever we covet we strive to annex. But the cravings of Age are not the desires of Youth. The annexations of Age are sordid, of the earth. The annexations of Youth are Beauty; Love and the wonderful joys of Life.

The aged dream of annexing the earth; they whose proper annexation is but six feet of it! The whole world awaits passionately its annexation by Youth, who knows no boundaries.

Joy is within ourselves and Love finds its habitation only in the soul of Youth, where it can live in wonderful dreams, creating new and beautiful ideals.

In Love's battles the wounds are borne with joy, because Love is worth all pain and suffering.

And the battles are fought because Love is catholic; like the knight errant of old, he wears his lady's favours on his casque, and now the favour is of the Roses, now of the Lilies, now of the Passion Flowers, and now of the Silken Rags of Life.

But these lists are not for the Aged, for the adventurous soul is dead in them, and, barren of joy, through rheumy eyes they stare at the tournament of Love and seek to warm their palsied hands at the fires of Hate.

And Love laughs.

London will welcome the return of Youth. The West End Restaurants are very ugly, and on account of the Young Man shortage, are filled with podgy Bureaucrats with arrogant airs and vulgar Profiteers with atrocious manners. Their obesity is suggestive of illicit meat coupons.

All this has apparently nothing to do with Pope and Bradley, who, without preying upon them by profiteering, continue to clothe Youth, who are the Men of England.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

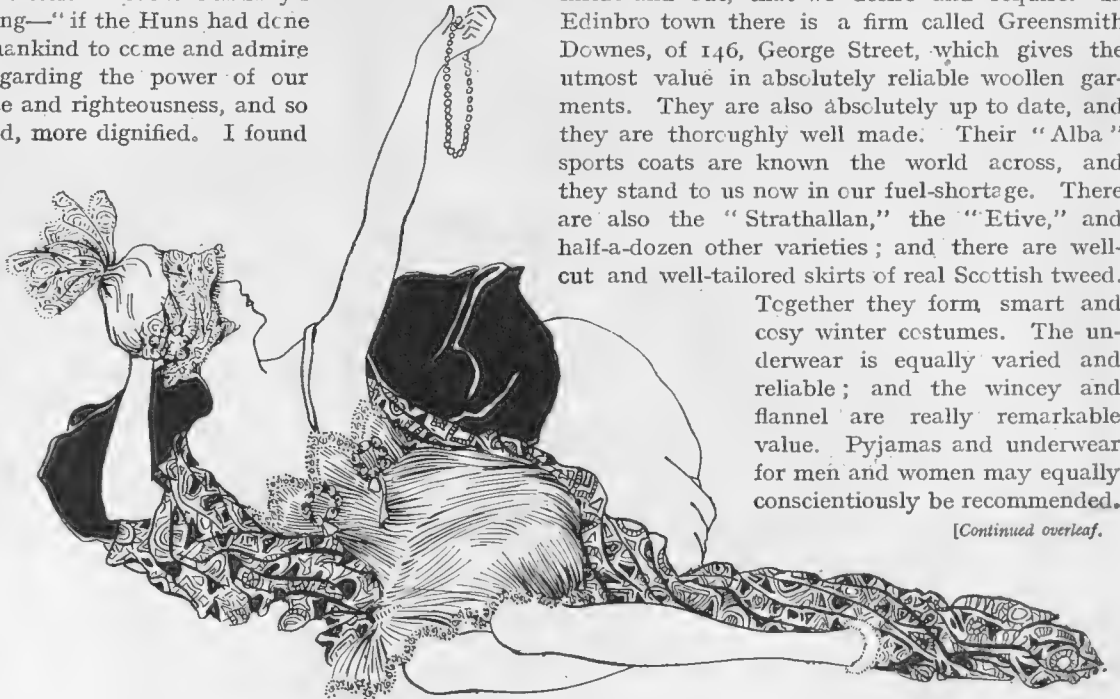
Wonderful Weeks. Many people expected a dramatic finish to this appalling war, which so dramatically broke out. No one, however, could have anticipated the fall in one week of two great Empires. I found in my walks abroad that people were stupefied by the immensity of it. Either they dismissed it all with, "I cannot grasp it yet," or they said, "What next? Can anything be left to astonish us?" Britishers are not inflated with pride at what they have brought to pass, for we were the root and sustenance of the whole matter. "Great Germany's Ghost!" said a woman of light and leading—"if the Huns had done this, how they would have yelled to all mankind to come and admire and worship them!" Our way of regarding the power of our Empire as a trust from the God of justice and righteousness, and so using it, is, to put it on the lower ground, more dignified. I found my friends and acquaintances just awed into an inexpressible thankfulness.

England, Home, and Beauty. Cleanliness is akin to goodness: that is, I believe, the real pronouncement—assuredly it is a true one. Is there anything more good to look at than a clean British skin, be its owner of male or female persuasion? That we owe our clean skins to our cleanly ways there is no manner of doubt. We had rather go short of food or fire than of our own best-beloved Erasmic soaps and their attendant preparations. They are of the refinements and elegancies of our life, as needful now as the actual sustenances. A new and well-illustrated book from the London headquarters, 117, Oxford Street, is going the rounds of our fighting men and of our working women. They are

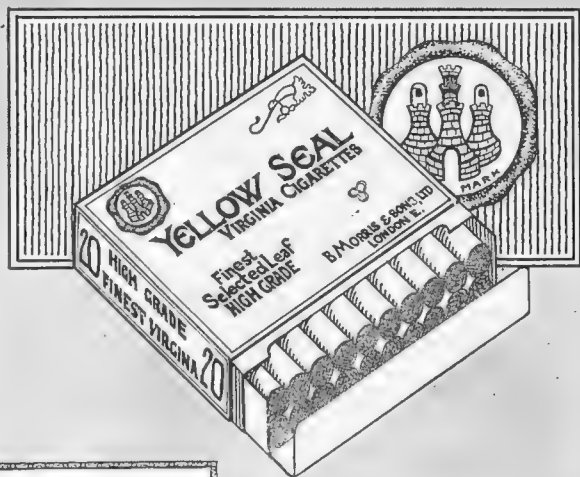
looking forward to the time of luxury that they have so gloriously earned; and, while they have never been without Erasmic soap and shaving-sticks, they are looking now at the newest perfumes, the latest toilet-waters, the nicest shaving-powders, and the most effective brillianine with anticipatory joy. Also in imagination are the men entering boudoirs where familiar Erasmic sweet odours assail their long-unaccustomed olfactory nerves, so the Erasmic book makes them think of the England, home, and beauty that they will again enjoy.

In Edinbro Town. Scots wha weave the finest wool—aye, and weave and knit it in the finest way—are not behind, even in war time, in supplying us with just the clothing, inside and out, that we desire and require. In Edinbro town there is a firm called Greensmith Downes, of 146, George Street, which gives the utmost value in absolutely reliable woollen garments. They are also absolutely up to date, and they are thoroughly well made. Their "Alba" sports coats are known the world across, and they stand to us now in our fuel-shortage. There are also the "Strathallan," the "Etive," and half-a-dozen other varieties; and there are well-cut and well-tailored skirts of real Scottish tweed. Together they form smart and cosy winter costumes. The underwear is equally varied and reliable; and the wincey and flannel are really remarkable value. Pyjamas and underwear for men and women may equally conscientiously be recommended.

[Continued overleaf.]



Could any woman help looking attractive in a chemise carried out in lemon-coloured crepe-de-Chine lace and tiny pink roses?

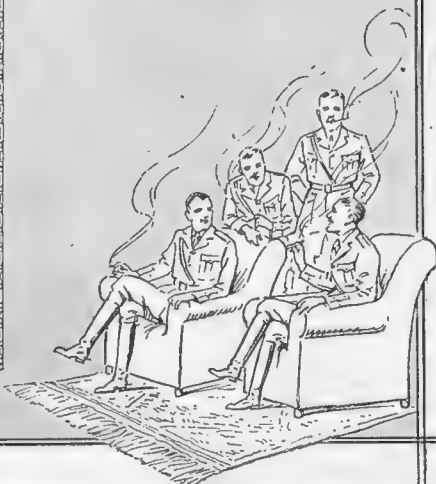


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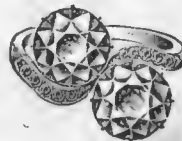
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Coat (as sketch) in good warm Velours Cloth, with lovely collar of Skunk Opossum. The success of the season. Body and sleeves lined Satin. Colours: Mole, Purple, Brown, Bottle, or Navy.

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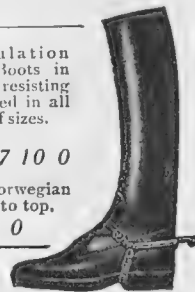
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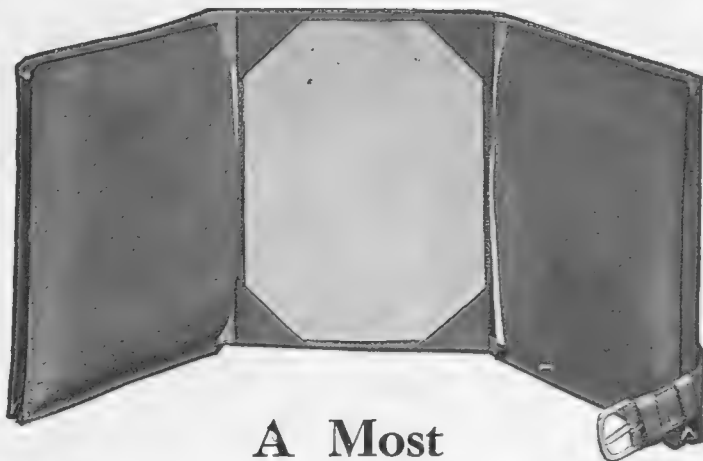
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Initials branded on flap, 7d. per letter.

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2051

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Also they have come to the rescue of those men who cannot get their boots repaired, or are having to wait an inconveniently long time, owing to the shortage of sole leather.

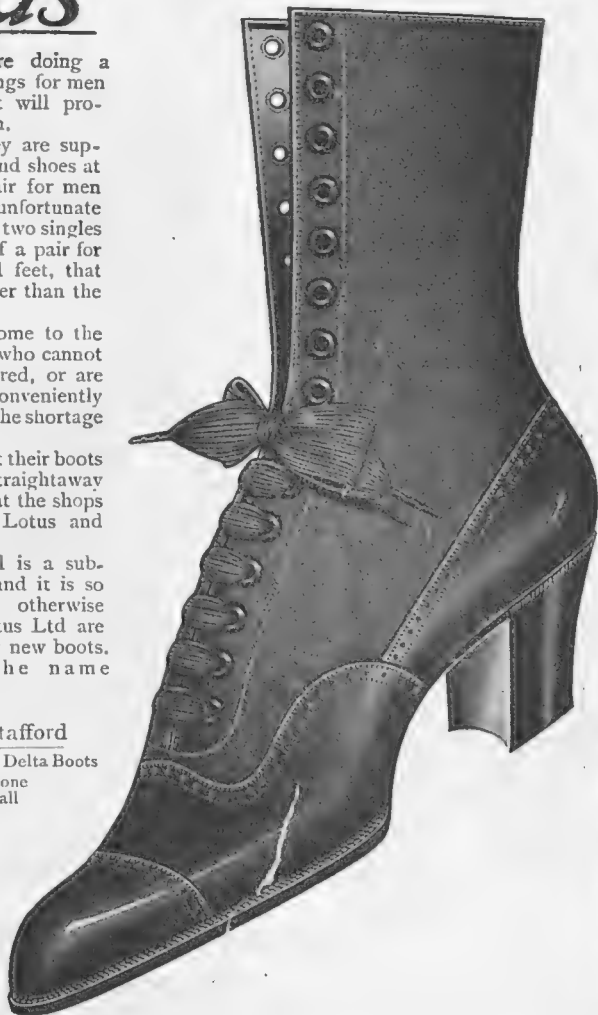
These men can get their boots and shoes repaired straightaway with synthetic soles at the shops appointed to sell Lotus and Delta.

Synthetic material is a substitute for leather and it is so hard wearing and otherwise satisfactory that Lotus Ltd are using it for making new boots.

Remember the name Synthetic.

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Suitable for young ladies' dancing
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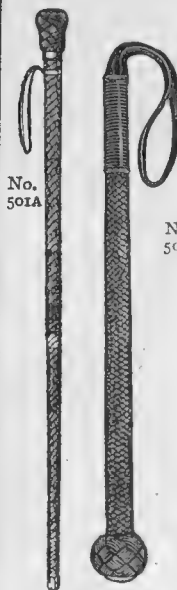
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A boon on board
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The Dulcitone

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Drawn Wire

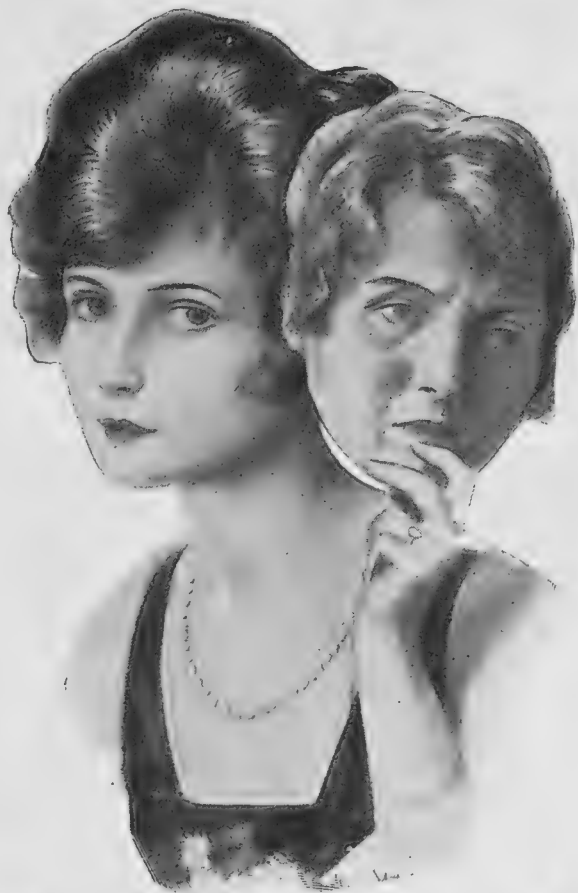
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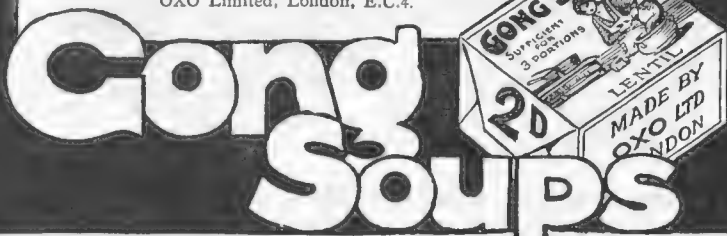
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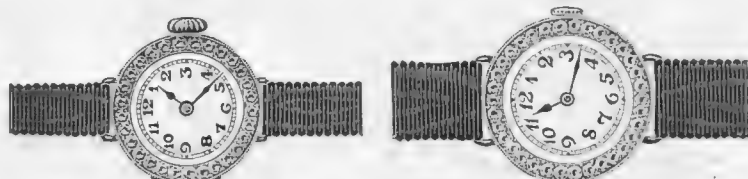
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DIAMOND WRISTLET WATCHES
Moiré Silk Bands
High Quality Lever Movements from £25.

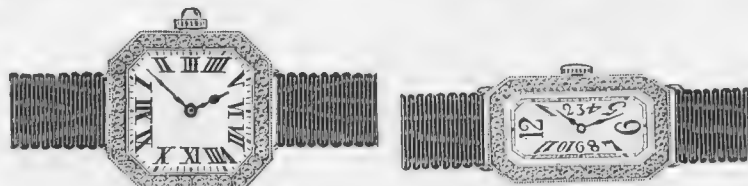


Diamonds set in Palladium, gold back, £55

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Selections sent on approval.

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OVER THE BAGS.

"BETWEEN — and — we attacked at 5 a.m." Waiting, while every minute of the cold, cruel greyneess seems an eternity; while a hundred devils play in chorus above, when a man's blood might well feel as ice. And then—at last, the Zero hour. . . "Ready?—Pass the word—Over!" The attack begins. Now watch the man with the THRESHER. He's going forward snug and warm—he's moving easily—he's actually grinning at the way old Thresher and he did it on the weather through that warmth-sucking wait. A man's a man in a Thresher—not a weather-worsted bundle of misery. Rain and wind and mud are absolutely down and out when they're up against the one campaign coat that no slavish imitation can equal.

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"Send your artist out here—where's the steel helmet, the box respirator and all the rest of it?" Good judge the critic—but to garble Shakespeare, "the coat s the thing," and in selling "Threshers" tin hats and gas masks hardly matter.

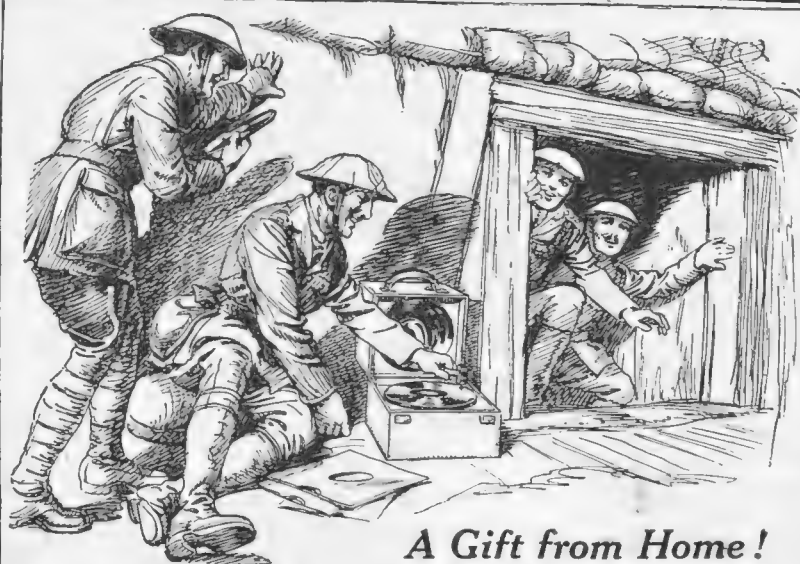
The Thresher Trench Coat with detachable Kamelcott lining	£7 7 0
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Cavalry pattern, with knee flaps and gusset	Extra £1 1 0

All sizes in stock. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering.

THRESHER & GLENNY,
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Now they will have musical entertainment at their command any hour of the day, whenever opportunity offers. For they have a "Decca" Gramophone.

The "Decca" is light, compact and portable; it is self-contained, no case is required, and there are no loose parts to get lost. When moving it will go in the mess-box and not worry anyone. Immediately opened it is ready to play all makes and sizes of needle records.

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

In Leather Cloth	Compressed Fibre	Solid Cowhide
£7 15s. Od.	£8 15s. Od.	£12 12s. Od.

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers. Illustrated Folder, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—

THE DULCEPHONE CO., 32, WORSHIP ST., LONDON, E.C. 2.
(Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.)



PRIVATE P. O'NEIL,
Army Service Corps, Australian
Imperial Force.

"I was in the transport in France, and although we did not actually go into the trenches we had to make nightly trips up with rations; this is rather ticklish work as the roads are all well known to the Hun, and so are constantly being shelled; added to this you have to be always on the look out with your team, as the boys in the line are none too pleased if their next day's rations are stranded in a shell-hole. The continual strain at last told on me, and it was getting worse and worse, until one of my chums put me on to Phosferine, and I am glad to say that it worked, and I am once again fit; that I think speaks volumes for the value of your Phosferine."

This stalwart Australian soldier declares his present fitness is first rate proof of the certainty with which Phosferine prevents nervous breakdown — — Phosferine reanimates the jaded nerve organisms and thus ensures the system always has a plentiful store of vitality to outlast all the varied strain of Active Service.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
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Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices 1/3, 3/., and 5/- The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

(Continued.)

Stockings, too, in these days of fires few and small, are supplied by this firm in great variety—warm, well-fitting, and most attractive. A price-list will be sent on application, and a very pretty and informing one it is.

Notes from Paris.

The aspect of the smartest of our women just back from Paris, and sphinx-like about how they got there, is that of draped half-mannequins; the draperies of the richest and much be-furred are carried along on two neat little silk-clad, very active legs, terminating in the nattiest of shoe-encased feet. The skirts are short and tight—mere kilts, with or without the kilting; and what hobbling there is is at the knees—the ankles are unshackled and unshaded. It is very smart and very attractive; also we wonder where all the ugly feet have gone to. British women were celebrated for them, but now they are seldom seen. Of a serviceable size we see them, certainly; but then they are shapely and neat, and they fit in with the sense of proportion of the ensemble. Toques are more worn with this embodiment of latest fashion than large hats; and the toques are brimless, and of panne and fur or of rich brocade and fur. There is something rather Japanesque about the top part of the silhouette, but the active little legs are distinctly Occidental.

When Birdmen Walk.

After a big war, there has always been a period of dandyism. When we have finished beating the Boche—which job is nearing its end—our period of dandies will follow, as the day the night. We shall find another name for it, no doubt; but that men who have had their clothes and boots on a fortnight at a time, and have had their work cut out to keep recognisable, will revel in real smart clothes is certain sure. The Royal



Mauve and silver, which always harmonise so well together, are used as the colour-scheme for the dress on the left. The one on the right is black net all scintillating with jet, and trimmed with Ninon frills.

Air Force will, I am told, lead the way, as it is to be always on a level in smartness with the older Services. Boots are naturally a point to begin at, and the makers of the celebrated Super-Service boots for the Navy and Army, W. Abbott and Sons, 54, Regent Street, are now ready to lead the way for the airmen in brown or black footwear for all occasions, either with khaki or Air-grey uniforms. Their latest brochure illustrates the several styles for the R.A.F. in tan and black. Specially smart are officers' mess boots—black with soft morocco high legs and patent blocked fronts. All are in sizes and half-sizes ready to wear; and the brochure shows them, and gives prices and directions for self-measurement. It will be sent free on application to their address. Our bird-men will walk the earth, when they condescend so to do, very satisfactorily shod.

Use Hospitality.

That we are a hospitable people, albeit at present handicapped, our Overseas soldiers are constantly bearing witness. Having earned our good character, let us keep it. Last Christmas Day over 2000 free meals were served in the Aldwych Y.M.C.A. Hut in the Strand. Next Christmas Day, over the approach of which waves a great flag of hope, more is wanted. Undoubtedly it will be forthcoming if the generous offices of the J. L. Sachs company are supported generously. Their artistes who are appearing in "Shanghai," "Going Up," and "Lilac Domino," are giving a magnificent matinée on Friday, the 22nd, at the Empire Theatre at 2.30. There will be many good numbers from this favourite trio of productions, and leading theatrical stars will also contribute. To buy tickets, which can be done from half-a-crown to a guinea, will be securing a really delightful afternoon for self and friends, and also

(Continued overleaf.)

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For those whose
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and broad.

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INVEST, in imagination, this room—with a colour complement of noble and harmonising blues, pervading the plain yet richly textured carpet, the panelled dado, the wallpaper frieze with its finely patterned overlay of red and gold; visualise the deeper note of its antique and reproduction furnishings, then you have something of the real homeliness of this room as Harrods conceived it. Its simplicity whispers of art concealing art; it is, if one may use the phrase, a room with a soul.

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Everything in Furnishing

Harrods furnishing details are all of the kind that spell perfection; this easy chair is typical. Deep, roomy, inviting, agreeable to eye and restful to body, it is made to ensure one's comfort and satisfaction for a lifetime.



helping to provide Christmas fare and Christmas gifts for thousands of our brave Overseas brothers who have so gallantly fought for us. There will be a run on these seats, or the "W.A.T." is near her dotage.

What They All Said.

Who said "Harry Hall's"? All well-turned-out naval, military, and aviation officers have been saying "Harry Hall," in response to questions as to who had built their uniforms, for many a long day. Their women comrades and belongings said "Harry Hall's," too, so persistently about their riding, walking, and service clothes that a fine department for them has been added to that well-known tailoring establishment at 207, Oxford Street, while there is another for men only at 149, Cheapside. There is a fine selection of material to choose from, which at this date is a proof of foresight and intuition, which, together with a round dozen of gold medals gained for excellence of its productions, places the firm on a very high platform of

attainment. One gold medal was awarded to riding-breeches which are now worn by thousands of officers, and by them most keenly appreciated. Another favourite Service garment is the "Hall-zone" perfected trench-coat; it is absolutely weather and wind-proof, and costs only seven guineas. Nothing succeeds like Harry Hall's success.

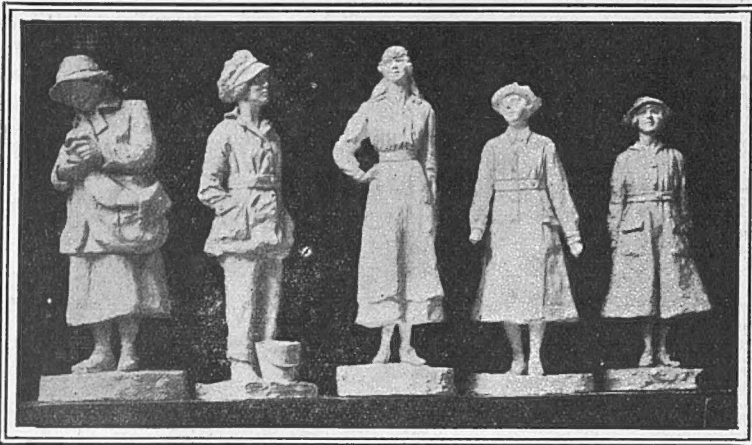
Women, Politics, and a Sailor.

Sir Hedworth Meux, who has shone as the solitary humourist on the subject of women M.P.s, was rather unfortunate in his references to Shakespeare. Two out of the three characters he mentioned as typical women of the gentle and clinging variety were women who wore the breeches with a good grace, and defeated men in a contest of wits. Rosalind, for example, was much less of a milkmaid than her sonneteering lover; and Portia put a whole court—Doge, magnificoes, and all—right on questions of the law of contract. But logic is not the strong point of Admiral Meux. It doesn't much matter in his case, for, apart from his professional and family-tree distinction, he is the luckiest of men. He had the good fortune to win the favour of the late Lady Meux, who left him nearly all the great fortune—the foundation of which was laid in the reign of George III.—of which her husband, Sir Henry Bruce Meux, had given her the disposal. Sir Hedworth is not only one of the cheeriest men in the House of Commons, he is also among the most thorough-going in speech, and is a great admirer of Mr. Asquith—except, of course, as a convert to feminism in politics.



WITH ONE OF HER MODELS OF
WOMEN WAR-WORKERS: MRS. WILFRED SHERIDAN.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE BEAUTY OF THE WOMAN WAR-WORKER RECORDED BY A WOMAN SCULPTOR: SOME OF MRS. WILFRED SHERIDAN'S MODELS.

Mrs. Wilfred Sheridan, the sculptor, has modelled a set of fifteen figures of typical women war-workers of different occupations.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

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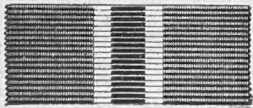
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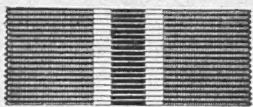
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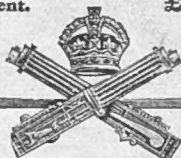
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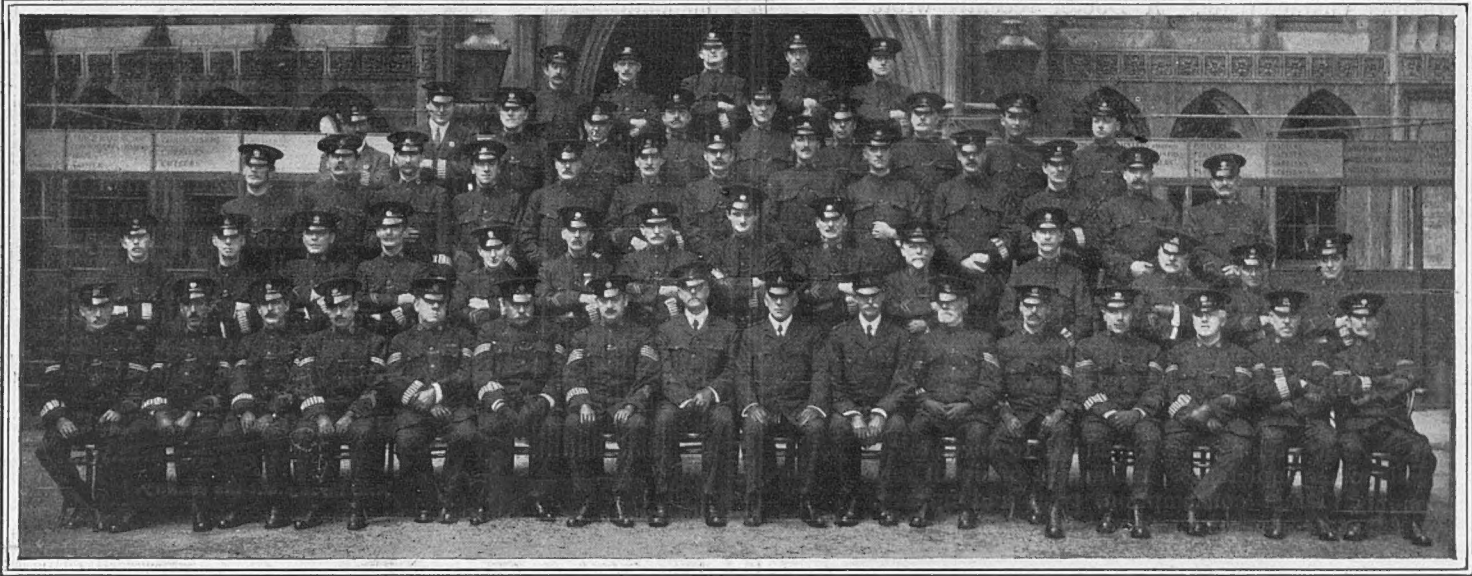
SOCIETY GOSSIP.

A Peer to Be. Mr. Hayes Fisher, who is to have a peerage as consolation for the loss of his official arm-chair at the Local Government Office, has long been one of the most conscientious of London Members. Yet he is not a London man. He comes from the Isle of Ely, where the monks sang so merrily that the King ordered his barge to be steered nearer. He himself

usually unattainable without ducal blood, a million, or twenty years' apprenticeship to public affairs.

Lord Beaverbrook's Illness.

A great many people are sorry that Lord Beaverbrook has been driven from active life by ill-health, for he was as much liked in some quarters as he was vehemently opposed in others. He is paying the penalty of the "fiery spirit" which "o'er-informed the tenement



CITY "SPECIALS" WHO HAVE DONE GOOD SERVICE: OFFICERS AND MEN OF "J" COMPANY, "A" DIVISION, CITY OF LONDON POLICE RESERVE.

Photograph by Wicksteed and Palmer.

has no great talent for music or merriment, and has always typified the correctitude of subordinate officialdom. But he enjoyed a reputation for administrative ability, and for the kind of sound commonsense which is always an asset in politics. His successor, Sir Auckland Geddes, is one of fortune's favourites. At the outbreak of war he was demonstrator of anatomy in the McGill University; to-day he has attained a place in the official hierarchy

of clay." Of all hustlers he was the champion in this country. Within a year of his invasion of London he became a personality, and he has been growing ever since. I believe he rather likes to be pronounced "Baverbrook," after the Cholmondeley and Marjcribanks manner. In Fleet Street his nickname is "Babblebrook;" but his familiars call him "Max." He is clever, and, when he likes, genial, but does not suffer fools or slackers gladly.

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"Le Kanopus" is the real Egyptian Cigarette—the cigarette of the Egyptian who knows a good cigarette and can afford to pay for it. He is not content with imitations made in Europe—Why should you be? "Le Kanopus" has the subtle aroma and flavour of the true Egyptian made in Egypt from selected matured Oriental tobaccos. No added cheap adulterations.

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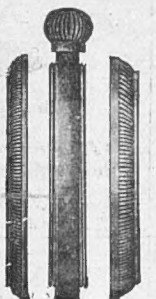
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